THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

For MAY, 1800.

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4 A Favourite Duet for Two equal Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, as sung with universal Applause at the Nobility's Concerts.

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Where Favours from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Essay on Suicide, to prevent further mistakes and disappointment, shall be returned per post, according to the address we have received. A principal objection to it is its being so long.—The lines to a Mouse, by Mr. P. shall be inserted.

The critical observations of Aspasia may be very just, but the poetry with which she has favoured us is very incorrect.

C. D.'s Essay shall have a place.

R. F.'s Disquisition is in several parts very objectionable.

We are obliged to Ariana for the suggestions contained in her communication.

The Ode to a Sparrow—Invocation to Morpheus—The Bird's Nest—Hymn to Ceres—Lines to Elvira—Verses addressed to Miss C——, on her Birth-day—The Enigma by Chloris—and Acrostic by Alexis, are received, and under consideration.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR

MAY, 1800.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

SIR,

I have read with much pleasure the *Moral Zoologist* of your ingenious correspondent *Eugenia;* for I have always considered the study of Natural History as equally amusing and instructive. It appears to me, however, that there are several animals, which, though generally confounded with the human race, merit to be distinctly classed and described. As a specimen, I send you the description of one, which, no doubt, many of your fair readers will recollect to have met with, and which seems to belong to the tribe of monkeys and maucaucos.

I remain your's, &c.

Isleworth, May 2. Belinda.

THE FOP.

THE fop, or *petit-maitre* of the French naturalists, is an animal which does not appear to be a native of this country, although it now abounds with them. As far as its history can be traced, it has migrated from France, and is, it is said, to be found in most countries in Europe; but the species has increased here far more than in any other. This is not difficult to account for, when we consider that it is an animal which avoids all places of danger, and loves to live in ease and security. The same principle in its nature leads it to avoid excessive heat and cold, and therefore it increases most in large towns, where the degrees of heat and cold may be moderated by artificial means.

This animal has some resemblance, though rather faint, to the human race, but its legs are longer, and its general figure far more slim and taper, rising gradually to its head, which very seldom resembles the human—the neck and throat being a continuation of the breast, into which the head is inserted as a ball into a socket. Its voice is shrill, and scarcely articulate, but its notes are so well known as scarcely to deceive any body. It is perfectly harmless, unless by the disagreeable noise it makes, even in the wildest state; and when troublesome by its cries, may be quieted in a moment by the sight of a cane. It abounds however in tricks and mischief, and sometimes frightens women and children.

children. But though in this it resembles the ape, it has none of the docility or cunning of that animal. It feeds very gently, avoiding strong food and liquors, and living mostly on slops and little things which it picks up at every table. Why it has been so long domesticated I know not, probably from sympathy with its helpless situation; but there are few families of rank or opulence without one of them; and even the lower orders have a spurious breed, which I at first took for a distinct species, but, upon a closer examination, found to be only a bastard kind, differing principally in its coat, and having less of the yellow stuff in its pouch than the others. This yellow stuff has puzzled me much. It is not the produce of its food, nor does it seem to collect it; and where it comes I never could, or but seldom, discover. The animal, however, places no value on it, throwing it about in the most wanton manner.

This animal is not long lived; whether the soil that produces it is not sufficient to provide for it in mature age, as the soil of France used to do, even to longevity, I am not able to determine, but it either dies about the age of four or five and twenty, or degenerates into an animal of a very different species, called a *sloven*, on which change it loses all its former characteristics. It has been said that the women are very fond of the *fop*, and even admit it to their toilets; but this I hope is untrue.

There is one great singularity about this animal, which is its fondness for being in places of public amusement; but this is not a mark of its curiosity or taste, for it never seems to attend to any thing but itself; and if it meets with one of its own species, they chatter and gabble so loud and offensively, that it is often necessary to turn them out, which is never a matter of great difficulty, as the sight of a cudgel or whip would disperse a whole herd of them.

There is perhaps a yet greater singularity in this animal, which is that it never breeds. I have never seen any but males, a circumstance I am utterly at a loss to account for, unless by supposing that it is like the mule, an animal produced by two different animals, and different from both. Some very able naturalists pretend, indeed, to have discovered female *fops*, but they are obviously of another class, and accordingly have received the distinct denomination of *coquettes*.

It is to be observed, that since the number of *fops* increased in this country, they have come much sooner to perfection than they did some years ago. It is not uncommon now to see a perfect fop at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and as wild and mischievous as they formerly were at twenty. This we ought not to be very much surprised at, because little or no pains seems now to be taken to curb them, and without that they naturally acquire a greater degree of wildness, even sometimes approaching to ferocity. When this occurs, I have always found that they were degenerating; for a real fop is at all times cowardly, and mischievous only by tricks and sports, which do more harm to itself than to its keepers, unless they let it loose at improper times. Generally it is good-natured, though its grin is very frightful.

I have dissected some of these animals, but without observing any remarkable appearance. In all of them there were very few brains, and little or no heart—circumstances which very naturally account for their strange habits and tricks.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT *of the* NEW COMEDY *called* INDISCRETION, *represented for the first time on Saturday, May 10th, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Marmaduke Maxim,	Mr. King.
Old Burly, ...	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Frederic Maxim, ...	Mr. Palmer.
Algernon Maxim, ...	Mr. Talbot.
Clermont, ...	Mr. Barrymore.
Julia Burly, ...	Mrs. Jordan.
Fanny Burly, ...	Miss Biggs.
Mrs. Goodly, ...	Mrs. Walcot.
Victoria Burly, ...	Miss Pope.

FABLE.

THE fable of this piece is two-fold. The serious part of the story arises from the elopement of Julia, which is supposed to have happened previous to the opening of the play. Julia quitted her father's house in order to avoid a marriage with Captain Maxim. She went off with Clermont, who, instead of forming an honourable union with her, makes licentious proposals, which she rejects with disdain, and flies to the protection of Mrs. Goodly, a worthy woman, who had been greatly indebted to the Burly family. Penitent for her fault, on discovering the perfidy of Clermont, Julia solicits an interview with her father, who is inclined to forgive her, though of a very fiery disposition; but as she refuses to disclose the name of the man with whom she eloped, fearful of involving her father in danger, he obliges her to quit his house. It appears that Clermont is fully sensible of his misconduct towards Julia, and desirous of atoning for it; but cannot discover her retreat. In order to try the feelings of her lover, Julia, with the assistance of Mrs. Goodly, assumes male attire, and passes for one of the pert puppies who parade Bond-street, and jostle every person, man or woman, who is not "*one of us.*" In this disguise she again enters her father's house, where she addresses herself in a style of fashionable flippancy to her sister Fanny, who quits the room, and leaves Julia in company with Clermont. Julia contrives to turn the conversation upon subjects suitable to her situation; and having severely wounded the feelings of her lover, and proved his repentance, is then only solicitous to manifest her own innocence to her family. Old Burly, in order to hear something about Julia from the young men who were in the habit of visiting his house, induces Mrs. Goodly to invite some of them to tea with her, conceiving that under the disguise of a female he may, perhaps, discover from their conversation which of them had seduced away his daughter. Burly, being of a passionate disposition, and much inclined to the practice of swearing, desires Mrs. Goodly to nod whenever he is going to indulge himself in that practice. The young men assemble at Mrs. Goodly's; and Burly, as an old woman and friend of Julia, is introduced to them,—Julia in disguise appearing among them. The discourse soon turns upon Julia and her elopement, and Burly, the supposed old woman, is the subject of much raillery. At length the feelings of Burly are so much irritated, that he throws off his disguise, and wants to fight with the whole company. Finding, however, that the general suspicion of taking away his daughter falls upon Clermont, the latter is required to give him satisfaction. Clermont owns his guilt; but being appealed to by Julia, still under her disguise, whether she had not retained her innocence, he pronounces her a miracle of virtue, and avows his readiness to marry her immediately, if after such base conduct he shall be

thought

thought worthy of her hand. The proof of Julia's innocence, notwithstanding her indiscretion, reconciles Burly to his daughter, who discovers herself, and is taken into favour. Subordinate to this is an indiscretion of a different kind, in an interview effected between a ridiculous old maid and a superannuated knight, by means of a matrimonial advertisement in the newspapers. These two characters were admirably supported by Miss Pope and Mr. King, and in them the indelicacy of such a gross and degraded system of courtship is held up to merited contempt. Contrasted with these are two other sets of lovers, but of the amiable and prudent kind, in which groupe, Fanny, an elegant sketch of a fashionable fair one, is peculiarly deserving of notice.

From this general outline it will be seen that love is the life and essence of the piece; but then this passion is placed in so many lights, its shades are so distinct and contrarient, that the variety is sufficient, and the character strongly contrasted.—The plan, however, minutely examined, is vicious, so far as indiscreet passion and blameless love are rewarded with similar success. Contrary also to all the rules of the drama, the interest does not rise with the progress of the plot. The first scenes of Julia, the heroine of the piece, are the most pathetic.

In the light scenes, there is also much to blame in relation to chaste and legitimate comedy. The passage where the father assumes the dress and name of an old woman, and that in which he dares his daughter's lover to single combat, are almost too gross for the broadest farce. When caricatures attempt to please by deformity alone, they always prove disgusting.

The play, however, though it bears few marks of a rich conception and a vigorous mind, has many recommendations. The author (Mr. P. Hoare) has disdained all spectacle, now so popular;—all practical wit, all false German sentiment; his language is correct, and his sentiment is chaste.—Though the vessel may not have strength or ballast to weather a wintry storm, it may very well ride out a summer's breeze.

The character of Julia, the heroine of the piece, is well designed to display the versatility of Mrs. Jordan's powers.—She introduced a plaintive air that was rapturously encored—the words are as follow:

I rise with the morn, I gaze on the sun,
Aurora's bright lustre I see;
But I sigh with regret when day-light is gone
For night brings no comfort to me!

I wander at night where the nightingales sing,
I traverse the sands of the sea;
They hear not my sighs, so no comfort they bring—
For what can bring comfort to me?

On the Education of a Daughter.

(From Clairon's Advice to a Young Friend.)

THE time approaches when you may easily display, and even increase the virtues of which you are susceptible. The education of your daughter will be the touchstone of your life. You cannot instruct her yourself, but you may prepare the way. You may facilitate her future acquirements, by studying her disposition and character, by engaging her to attend to the instruction she receives, by exercising all that patience which infancy requires, and by inspiring her with a firm conviction that her confidence, respect, and attachment towards you, will contribute to the happiness of her own life as well as your's. It requires as much courage as address to give a daughter a proper education. I know you to have been a good child; I know you are a good woman,

woman, a good mistress of a family, a good friend—I flatter myself you will also be a good mother. I trust you will impose it as a law upon yourself, not to be departed from, never to show passion or ill-humour; that you will reprehend with mildness and sensibility. Let your caresses, your favours, your indulgence, and encomiums, reward the efforts of your child. Never submit your own will to her's; neither exact any thing from her without giving her a reason for so doing. By these means you will give her a notion of your own character; you will form her's on the basis of goodness, confidence, and respect, and you will enable her to class her ideas, and improve them with the greatest facility. I presume it is your intention to superintend, as much as possible, the lessons your daughter will receive. Your presence will excite her emulation, and will prevent her masters neglecting her. Even a mother may derive some instruction by her attention; for it is not to be supposed she is all-sufficient. The manner in which women pass their time in the world induces a forgetfulness of their early acquirements, which an attention to the instructions given their children may recover. Children who have fortunes to depend upon need only learn what is sufficient to make them agreeable in the world, or is necessary to enable them to support their moments of solitude. To excel in any science, it is necessary to apply the mind to it without attending to any other subject. So laborious an application is only necessary to him who means to make it his profession.

Had I children, I would certainly have them learn to dance—it gives ease and elegance to the deportment, it enables a person to enter a room, salute the company, walk, and even sit with grace and dignity. I should not expect them to be sufficiently instructed in music to sing or play at sight. To form their ear and their taste, to enable them to know the extent of their voice, to make them sensible of the charms of melody, and the harshness of discord, and to give them science enough to learn an agreeable easy air, is all I wish.

The harp is a charming instrument in the hands of a woman who possesses a fine voice and a graceful person; but it may occasion defects in the shape; it fatigues the lungs and hurts the voice. I cannot approve of it.

The piano-forte seems to me to be the most agreeable instrument. I would have it so far studied, that its difficulties should be felt and appreciated, but I would not recommend the attempt to surmount them. To play a few pieces with facility, to be able to employ a leisure hour, is all that is necessary. It is neither worth while to exhaust the time, the memory, or the genius of children, in attaining a talent which they may do without.

That which it is necessary to learn them fundamentally is their own language. It is shameful to be ignorant of the signification, the value, the gender, and the pronunciation of the words they hear and speak. The more a person knows of his own language, the more his mind expands; the choice of words not only adds to eloquence, but renders what is said more expressive, commanding, and agreeable; the modulation which each word requires imparts a thousand and a thousand charms to speech. He who is acquainted with his own language never pronounces between his teeth, or cuts short the syllables—he avoids monotony, and whatever may offend delicate ears, or those matured by experience.

Whosoever is acquainted with language is acquainted necessarily

with

with orthography. I know that ignorance in this respect is looked upon as a mark of good breeding among the female sex; but I entreat you to excite your daughter to that noble pride which disdains to be so distinguished.

Be attentive to her writing; endeavour that she may write so that every one may be able to read it. Nothing can be more fatiguing to a person who receives a letter, than to be obliged to seek the meaning of the words one after another. There can be no style so bad as not to be rendered still worse by bad writing. Lines blotted through, and characters impossible to be decyphered, are an evident proof of a negligent and careless writer.

Our books of history, tedious even to ourselves, would be insupportable to our children. I advise you to let yours have at first the best abridgements you can procure, and such books of private biography as are most likely to excite their curiosity. Make them explain them to you,—assist their endeavours to do so. Let no trait of virtue, heroism, or humanity, pass without a proper eulogium. Never lose an opportunity of painting the dangers of vice, and the horror it inspires. Urge the importance of continual reading, in order that they may the better comprehend what they have read. In the second class of study I place geography. As a recreation, allow them to read tragedy, which will recall to their minds the real histories they have read. Children dislike what is imposed on them as a duty. What they are only permitted to read as a recreation excites their attention. Make them sometimes amuse your leisure by reading a fable, a poem, or detached moral pieces easy to remember. Avoid romances and fairy tales; they exhalt the head and the heart too much.

Have the address to make them wish to learn drawing—it is a sweet resource in solitude. It is agreeable to be a good judge of pictures and prints; and whatever is agreeable has its use in the world.

Do not, my dearest Paulina, imagine I am dictating laws to you. I have no children,—consequently what is necessary to their education can never have been the object of my researches. It may be, that my short observations do not possess common sense—I however submit them to your reason. If they are good, follow them; if they are not, admit at least they are the ravings of an affectionate soul, of one who wishes to contribute to your happiness, and whose wretched life is only rendered supportable by thinking of you.

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Garrick was once present with Dr. Johnson at the table of a nobleman, where, amongst other guests, was one of whose near connexions some disgraceful anecdote was then in circulation. It had reached the ears of Johnson, who, after dinner, took an opportunity of relating it in his most acrimonious manner. Garrick, who sat next to him, pinched his arm, and trod upon his toe, and made use of other means to interrupt the thread of his narration; but all was in vain—the Doctor proceeded; and when he had finished the story, he turned gravely round to Garrick, of whom before he had taken no notice whatever. "Thrice," said he, "Davy, have you trod on my toe; thrice have you pinched my arm; and now, if what I have related be a falsehood, convict me before this company." Garrick replied not a word, but frequently declared afterwards, that he never felt half so much perturbation, even when he met "his father's ghost."

The

The MORAL ZOOLOGIST.

(*Continued from p.* 181).

DIVISION I. SECTION II.

Animals simply digitated, having large canine teeth separated from the cutting teeth, six, or more, cutting teeth in each jaw, and also a rapacious and carnivorous appetite: in which are included the following genuses:

Genus	*Species*	*Genus*	*Species*
Dog, - - -	13	Badger, - - - -	2
Hyæna, - -	2	Opossum, - -	11
Cat, - - -	17	Weasel, - - -	34
Lynx, - - -	7	Otter, - - - -	5
Bear, - - - -	5		

LETTER VII.

From Eugenia to the Right Hon. Lady ———.

I BEG leave to be the means of introducing your ladyship to those classes of animals which are properly termed simply digitated; as their feet are divided in a degree of proportion that serves rather to form paws, than hands with fingers, or feet with long toes. These numerous tribes have large canine teeth separated from the cutting teeth, six or more cutting teeth in each jaw; and also, in general, are rapacious, and have a carnivorous appetite.

Previous to my entering on the arrangement of the animals thus distinguished, I shall intreat to engage your attention, whilst I make some observation on the peculiar advantages of the construction of the brute creation, as tending to their own convenience, and the benefit of mankind. The first point to be considered is their formation, which is admirably suited to their condition, and liberally endued with functions to fulfil every operation for which they were created. From these general reflections, we must descend to the enumeration of particular characteristics, and in the first place consider their prone posture, and the structure of their limbs which adapts them thereto. It is evident the prone position of the animals we denominate genuine quadrupeds enables them to seek their own sustenance, pursue the objects destined for their prey, to leap, climb, swim, or to effect whatever is most conducive to their own safety and convenience; and with respect to the human species being erect, they are thereby enabled to till the earth, sustain burdens, and perform many services essential to the accommodation of their local and domestic advantage.—When we minutely consider every part of the corporeal structure of the most inconsiderable of the brute genera, we shall clearly perceive, and ought gratefully to acknowledge, that every atom is admirably compacted, and in an especial manner adapted to the purposes for which they were designed. For instance, concerning the formation of the legs, with what admirable skill are their size proportioned to the bulk of the body, and the mode of life allotted for the sphere in which the animal is to move. The elephant, whose body is a stupendous mass, has legs of an enormous magnitude, suited to sustain the immense weight of such a structure. Hares, deer, and other animals remarkable for the fleetness of their motion, have legs of such a slender construction as serve to qualify them for the most agile efforts. The otter's feet are peculiarly suited to the watery element which is congenial to him; as his toes are connected by a membrane like geese or ducks. In animals destined to an amphibious course of life, such as the bea-

ver, castor, &c. providence has wisely ordained, as the means of fitting them for earth and water, that the hind feet are webbed, and the fore ones destitute of the membraneous connection, that the animal may thereby be enabled to use the latter as hands, for conveying its food to its mouth, forming an habitation, and other important services. In the mole's feet we can trace the aptitude of their construction for digging, as their abode is subterraneous; and in the goat, elk, and many quadrupeds which dwell on craggy mountains, traverse ice, or bound from precipices, the hoofs are in a more than common degree callous, and the joints of the legs rigid and adapted to the hazardous necessities of the animal. I shall next endeavour to prove the advantages arising from the construction of the heads of quadrupeds, which may be clearly ascertained, when we consider their various formation, and ascribe these differences to their proper source—the effects of Divine Wisdom. In animals to which a slow motion is allotted, and their food and abode are on the surface of the earth, the head is usually of a large and square make; but in those who dig for sustenance, or whose habitation is subterraneous, the head is of a more sharp and slender form. It is also no less worthy of observation, that the necks of quadrupeds are peculiarly adapted to their prone posture, and the means of obtaining food; as the length of the neck is invariably proportioned to the altitude of the legs, and is also supported and strengthened by aligament of an uncommon firm texture, usually called white-leather, pack-wax, fix-fax, &c. that effectually sustains the neck, which would otherwise be inadequate to the endurance of being so long on the stretch as the search of food requires. The stomachs of animals are no less wonderful than various; as to those which have a carnivorous, and to those which have an herbaceous appetite, different formations are assigned, many being qualified to digest their food by the common efforts and process of mastication, and others, by having various recesses or ventricles, digest their aliment by what is usually termed rumination: in the camel, in particular, these cavities are abundant, which enables the animal to amass moisture sufficient at one draught to supply the demands of thirst for many days.

The cloathing of animals, the constant provision made for their sustenance, and the preservation and continuance of their respective species, are too evident to need discussion; as they manifest the wisdom of God, and consequently ought to inspire his creatures with admiration of his works, over which his mercy is extended; and in whom we all live, move, and derive our being!

I hope your ladyship will pardon this long digression, as the subject excited the reflections therein contained, and I could not resist their force; more especially as I believed they would coincide with your feelings and sentiments.

I shall now endeavour, with all possible brevity, to enter on the discussion of the various properties that distinguish the simply digitated animals. In the first class the dog genus is ranked, which includes the wolf, fox, and various other quadrupeds, which seem allied by certain generic qualities.—The distinctive marks of the dog genus are as follow: large canine teeth separated from the cutting teeth, six or more cutting teeth in each jaw, five toes on the fore feet, and four on the hind, a long visage, a rapacious and carnivorous appetite.

THE

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

The sagacity, fidelity, and other engaging qualities of the dog, being almost universally known, it is needless to enter into an elaborate eulogium on his comprehensive endowments, beyond the purpose of distinctly ascertaining the varieties of this diffusive species.

Dogs of all denominations have six cutting, and two canine teeth in each jaw; they have, invariably, five toes on the fore feet, and four, or frequently five, on the hind: the tail inclines towards the left, which is a distinctive property first discovered by Linnæus, as common to the whole species.

Buffon supposes, with great probability, that the faithful, or shepherd's dog is the genuine origin or parent stock of the canine species, and in the most perspicuous manner points out that the influence of climate has produced the several varieties manifest in this numerous race of animals, whose forms have been transmuted by different temperatures, and whose habitudes have varied from the rusticated or domestic mode of their existence, and their commixture with foreign breeds.

It will be expedient to specify the peculiar qualities of the shepherd's dog, as the means of proving his right to the primitive class in the dog genus. This animal, notwithstanding his ungraceful form, his melancholy and wild countenance, has unquestionably a superior degree of instinct, and intuitive tractability; as by the suggestions of nature, independent of any mode of instruction, he executes the important office of guarding flocks with invariable fidelity, watchfulness, and assiduous attention.

The influence of climate never fails to produce material alterations in the animal œconomy;—even the human species degenerates in size, and other qualities, where the temperature of the clime is intensely cold, which is clearly proved from the diminutive stature and unpleasing form of the inhabitants of the frozen regions of Lapland: as we recede from these unfavourable latitudes, we can trace the progress of increasing beauty in the human, as well as in the brute creation. These speculations on the wonderful effect of the variation of climate, gains indisputable confirmation from the testimony of fact, it being fully exemplified that animals of various denominations bear the same proportion in magnitude, and other qualities, with the ennobled members of the human race: for instance, the Lapland dogs are equally unpleasing in their form as the human inhabitants, and so small as not to exceed a foot in length.

Buffon specifies thirty varieties in the dog species, though it is reasonable to presume there are others not yet discovered; seventeen of these thirty he ascribes wholly to the influence of climate, and thus arranges them in genealogical order:

1. The faithful, or shepherd's dog, as the native stock; 2. the Pomeranian dog; 3. the Siberian dog; 4. the Iceland dog; 5. the Lapland dog; 6. the Irish greyhound; 7. the common greyhound; 8. the mastiff; 9. the great Danish dog; 10. the hound; 11. the harrier; 12. the terrier; 13. the spaniel; 14. the water dog; 15. the small Danish dog; 16. the Turkish dog; 17. the bull dog.

The remaining thirteen varieties are; the mongrel Turkish dog; the greyhound with hair like a wolf; the shock dog or lap dog; the bastard pug dog; the pug dog; the Calabrian burgos, or Alicant dogs; the lion dog; the small water dog; the dog of Artois; and the king

Charles's dog great and small, and also the Pyrame dog, which is of the same kind. All these animals are mongrel races, produced by the commixture of the seventeen above specified, which may be traced from their external appearance, natural propensities, and common habitudes.

From a similarity of construction and pursuits, the shepherd's dog, Pomeranian, Siberian, Lapland, and Iceland dogs, are classed together; as they all have sharp muzzles, erect ears, and a natural tendency to defend and follow flocks. Next in degree and approximation are the greyhound, gre-hound, or large Danish dog, and Irish greyhound; as exclusive of their similarity in figure, and length of muzzle, they have nearly the same disposition; as they are fond of following carriages, and run with wonderful speed and agility: these animals hunt rather by the eye than the nose, as they have but a slight perception of scent.—Hounds, harriers, spaniels, terriers, and water dogs, are best adapted to the pursuits of the chase, though they differ in form, as they have invariably thick muzzles, and the same instinctive propensities. The spaniel and the water dog only vary in disposition from the circumstance of the hair of the latter being long and bushy, which enables him to take to the water with greater facility than those species that are clothed with short hair. The small Danish dog and the Turkish dog must be ranked in the same class; as the latter is most probably deprived of hair by the extreme heat of the regions it inhabits. The bull dog, notwithstanding he resembles the little Danish dog in the shortness of his muzzle, in other circumstances external, and also in pursuits, differs so materially, as to form a distinct variety. The bull dog is a native of Britain, and it is difficult to preserve the genuine breed even in France; the mastiff and pug dog, which are his mongrel descendants, prove prolific in various climates: these animals have all short muzzles, a slight perception of scent, and frequently diffuse a disagreeable odour.

An exquisite degree of scent appears to arise more from the capaciousness than length of the muzzle; as the greyhound, the large Danish dog, and the Irish greyhound, are less endued with the sense of smelling than the hound, harrier, terrier, spaniel, or water dog, which have all proportionately shorter, but broader muzzles, than the kinds previously specified.

Having thus briefly arranged the different kinds of dogs, and the relation they seem to have to each other, I shall proceed to point out the progress of their degeneration from their native stock, by reciting the various effects change of climate and other circumstances produce in their magnitude, quality of their hair, and other important circumstances, which invariably proceed from the natural consequence of temperature, or the powerful influence of domestication.

From the testimony of various travellers, it appears that the native American dogs, previous to any connection with European or other powers, were all of one race; as they are described to have had slender muzzles, erect ears, and coarse hair, like the faithful, or shepherd's dog, which is consequently supposed to be the parent stock. These animals are represented as being meagre and agile, and naturally propense to hunting, and in many respects very similar to the common or Irish greyhound, which differ immaterially in form and qualities from the shepherd's dog. The Peruvians, when their country was discovered by the Spaniards, had only a large

and

and small kind of dog; the latter they denominated aleo, the form and propensities of which bore a great resemblance to the shepherd's dog; the former they called xoloizicuintli.

It is worthy of observation, that all dogs in cold countries have erect ears and long muzzles; those of Lapland are on the smallest scale, and have long coarse hair; the Siberian dogs, and the kind called wolf dogs, are of a larger magnitude, but resemble the former in the construction of their body and texture of their hair; and those of Iceland also bear a strong resemblance to the shepherd's dog, which is therefore regarded as the genuine root of the species. It is also an indisputable fact that the native dogs of the Cape of Good Hope, and other warm latitudes, have pointed muzzles, erect ears, long tails, and long rough hair; that they are also amply endued with the instinctive property of guarding flocks, and thereby prove their affinity to the faithful, or shepherd's dog. In still hotter regions, as Madagascar, Madeira, Callicut, and Malabar, the genuine dogs have invariably long muzzles, erect ears, and other kindred qualities, to the shepherd's dog; insomuch, that when other kinds of dogs were transported thither, they degenerated at the second or third generation. In more torrid latitudes, such as Guinea, this degeneration is more rapid in its progression, as from the influence of climate alone, in the space of three or four years, the animals lose their voice, and their natural bark is succeeded by a kind of doleful howl. The native dogs of these regions are very disgusting in their appearance, as they have no hair on their bodies, and their skin is usually spotted, but sometimes of an uniform colour: they have sharp muzzles, long erect ears, and pointed tails, which proves they are undoubtedly allied to the shepherd's dog, or parent stock.

The genuine dogs of Tartary, Albania, the northern regions of Greece, Denmark, and Ireland, are the largest and strongest of the whole species. In temperate climes, such as Britain, France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, from the influence of climate, and diffusive commixture with foreigners, there are a greater variety of every species of animals than in situations more remote and detached from general intercourse.

Having thus far endeavoured to prove the native genealogy of dogs, as relative to their parental origin, I shall proceed to the investigation of the various alterations many incidental circumstances have conspired to produce in the canine species.

The Danish dog is only an Irish greyhound rendered corpulent, and the common greyhound nothing more than the Irish greyhound degenerated into a meagre and delicate state by domestic cultivation: the genuine Irish greyhound was formerly very common in Ireland, where it was employed for the purpose of chasing the wolf, but is now very scarce. The shepherd's dog, the Pomeranian or wolf dog, the Siberian dog, the Lapland dog, the Canadian dog, the Hottentot dog, and all the varieties that have erect ears, constitute but one species, as they only differ from the native stock by having their hair of a different length and texture, in the magnitude of their bodies, and the proportion of their flesh. The hound, the harrier, the turnspit, the water-dog, and even the spaniel, may be considered as one kind or species; as they vary only in the length of their legs, and the dimensions of their ears, which are uniformly long, pendulous, and of a soft texture: France is the native country of these animals. It is not decisively ascertained, whether the

the Dalmatian dog, or harrier of Bengal, ought to be detached from those just specified, as it differs from the harrier in colour only. Pennant is of opinion, Dalmatia is the native country of that elegant spotted animal which is corruptly denominated the Danish dog. The hound, harrier, and the turnspit, are genuine inhabitants of Britain, France, and Germany; but when these animals are transported into warmer regions they naturally degenerate. Spaniels and water dogs are natives of Spain and Barbary, where the latitude is of such a temperature as to invariably render the hair of all animals longer, and of a finer texture than those produced in any other country. The bull dog (which is improperly called the small Danish dog), the naked or Turkish dog, and the Iceland dog, are evidently but one race, which, by being transported from cold regions, when the hair of animals is always coarse and strong, into the torrid latitudes of Africa and India, have, as a natural consequence, lost their hair. The term naked dog is improperly applied to the Turkish kind, as the climate of Turkey is not sufficiently torrid to cause the animals to lose their hair; therefore it evidently appears, the Turkish dog is only the small Danish dog, which, by being transported to a very warm clime, shed its hair, and was afterwards sent to Turkey, where most probably the race was carefully preserved, on account of its great singularity.

It is only in temperate climes that dogs preserve their innate courage, sagacity, and various other properties, which render them so universally esteemed by every order of the human race: in hot countries they not only lose their hair, but also their voice, as in the more torrid regions they become mute; and in others, where the heat is less intense, their bark is converted into a kind of howl or yelp, and the animal assumes a disagreeable aspect, and becomes an object of disgust.

As an argument in favour of the diffusive operations of Divine Providence, it never fails to be manifest that none of the animal productions are destitute of use; as it is wisely ordained, that, in the unfavourable climes already specified, where dogs are incapable of the pursuits of the chase, they become useful by being esteemed desirable objects for food. In many parts of the torrid zone, particularly in the South Sea Islands, the canine species are considered as common articles of food, and a roasted dog in those regions is esteemed a luxurious feast: it is probable the climate alters the quality of the flesh as much as it changes the texture of the hair, as it is represented not unpleasant to the taste, and in some respect similar in flavour to pork. The barbet, which is much admired by the New Zealanders for the beauty of its hair, with which they ornament their garments, is not eaten, but regarded with peculiar attention, and fed wholly on fish.

Many naturalists have regarded the dog as a wolf or fox domesticated, therefore have bestowed the generic appellation of dog on both those animals; notwithstanding it is evident they have very different properties, and consequently form distinct species. It is beyond the present purpose to decide whether they ever intermix or prove prolific, as the opinions on that subject are various. Pennant positively asserts two peculiar instances of the mongrel offspring of the wolf and fox with the canine species.

The term of a dog's existence is usually about fourteen years; they are two years before they attain their full growth; the female produces

six

six or seven, but sometimes twelve puppies at a birth; her time of gestation is nine weeks, and she usually brings forth twice in a year; the largest and tallest kinds are more prolific than the small. The puppies are born blind, as their eyes are closed with a membrane, which is destroyed when the eye-lid gains sufficient strength to make a strong effort, which commonly happens about the tenth or twelfth day; in less than two months they acquire the use of their limbs and faculties, and their growth becomes rapid: in the fourth month they lose some of their teeth, which are renewed, and not shed again. The age of a dog may in part be ascertained by the state of his teeth, which, when the animal is young, are white and sharp, but when he begins to decline become blunt and decayed: his hair also turns grey on the muzzle, forehead, and round the eyes.

Thus much for dogs in their cultivated social state. It must next be observed, in many deserts and desolate regions in America and other parts, there are wild dogs, which combine in troops, and attack various ferocious animals—even lions and tigers. These, Mr. Pennant supposes, have sprung in lineal descent from the wolf, as they howl rather than bark, which betrays their rapacious origin. Many of those found of this wild nature in the deserts of North and South-America, it is most probable, have sprung from the domestic kind; but, by being abandoned in the woods and forests, have increased exceedingly, and become formidable to cattle, and indeed to the human species; yet, from their natural social propensities, by kind treatment, soon are familiar with, and attached to mankind.

The canine species, notwithstanding they are naturally vigilant, agile, and playful, by being over fed, and luxuriously trained, become heavy and slothful; insomuch, that in that state their whole existence is nothing more than a succession of eating and sleeping. It must be remembered that this lamentable perversion is not the natural tendency of the animal, but entirely fostered by the injudicious tenderness of their infatuated keepers. Dogs, though they are voracious, can endure long abstinence from food; thirst seems more predominant in their nature than hunger, as they drink frequently, and in a copious manner.

These animals are capable of being taught various gestures, and to perform several useful services, exclusive of the feats they exercise for our amusement: they are also adequate to turning spits, and in Brussels and Holland draw carts, to convey herbs to markets; in Siberia they are yoked to a sledge, and by that means draw their master, or conduct his provisions. The Mahometans proscribe these animals from their houses, as they consider them as unclean; yet these mistaken zealots establish hospitals for their preservation, and supply them with daily sustenance.

The canine species are of a very hot temperament, as they scarcely ever perspire; it is but too clearly proved by many fatal instances, that they are not only obnoxious to insanity, but diffuse disease to their own species, and also to the human race. They appear during their intervals of rest to have a sense of hearing; and, by their frequent starts and visible motions, unquestionably dream.

Dogs are endued with such comprehensive faculties, they may be said to conduce not only to the safety but also to the domestic comforts of the human species; as, exclusive of guarding the property of man, they

they eagerly hunt prey for his sustenance; in solitude their sagacious attentions exalt them to the class of companions, and their exertions in perilous situations justly entitle them to the ennobled appellation of champions and friends. From the peculiar tractability of their disposition, the ferocity which renders them formidable to animals in a wild state becomes modified into the powerful sensation of attachment and obedience to their master's will; to the cruelty of their rulers they often oppose the irresistable persuasions of patient submission; and, from a superior degree of intellect, they preserve the bond of friendship beyond the limits of life, by vigilantly and mournfully attending their benefactor to the very borders of the grave, where they often remain transfixed in grief.

Various are the instances on record of individuals whose lives have been preserved by these faithful animals warning them of impending danger; or, by plunging into the ocean, or other waters, snatching them from the jaws of death. How many villanies have been detected, and murderers brought to condign punishment, by the efforts of these instinctive avengers of their patron's cause.

With wonderful sagacity the canine species distinguish friends from foes; and discern the poor by the tattered garb and suppliant voice, whom they furiously repel, from the apprehension of their committing depredations. It exhibits a remarkable proof of the generosity of these animals, that, after they have obtained a victory, they content themselves with the honour of the triumph, and forbear from seizing the spoil to satisfy their hunger, or satiate their displeasure: in fine, they manifest an eminent display of those amiable qualities which adorn human beings, and exalt the animal creation to nearly rational perfection.

I hope your ladyship will not consider my portrait of the dog as an exaggerated partial representation, —I flatter myself with the idea that you will not,—as I am convinced the intrinsic merit of any object weighs very essentially in the scale of your judgment. In whatever comes immediately under the cognisance of our discussion, we should zealously endeavour to point out the perfections of the subject, so as to excite imitation; and, on the other hand, to pourtray every unamiable quality and evil propensity in such strong colours as cannot fail to excite disgust, and implant an ardent desire to avoid imbibing their kindred failings, or suffering by their baneful effects. Sincerity and fidelity possess so many native charms, their genuine merit proves an effectual recommendation; and, even when their influence beams with distinguished lustre in the brute genera, becomes a lesson to the more enlightened members of the human race, and also a reproach to those who are not actuated by the same virtuous impulses. That your ladyship will assent to this assertion, in as great a degree as your conduct verifies and supports the doctrine, is the hope and belief of your affectionate EUGENIA.

(To be continued.)

EMILY VERONNE.

(Continued from p. 153.)

AS she approached, the light gradually diminished, and at last entirely disappeared; she, however, retained in her mind the spot from whence it proceeded, and soon, to her inexpressible delight, discovered a cot-

a cottage; but no signs of any light remaining, she rather feared, by some means or other, she had been deceived. Thus involved in doubtful anxiety, she stood still a few minutes, when a large white cat ran from the door and purred around her. This in no small degree contributed to revive her sinking spirits, as it indicated the residence of some human beings; at least it convinced her she had not to undergo the disappointment of meeting with another uninhabited house, which, with the increased mental and bodily fatigue she laboured under, would have been more distressing than the preceding.

She ventured, at all events, to ask aloud if they would accommodate an unfortunate traveller, who had lost her way, with a night's lodging? All was yet silent. In a more audible voice she again repeated her supplications; and, listening a moment, she heard a person talking in a low murmuring tone, and, to her, it appeared in a dissatisfied manner. This rather intimidated her. She thought it might be the dwelling of some evil-disposed persons; who, instead of commiserating and assisting her in her distress, might take advantage of her unprotected situation, and deprive her of the few articles of cloathing, together with the small sum of money she possessed. But those momentary fears were soon banished, by a venerable old man putting his head out of the half-shattered casement, and, in an encouraging voice that gave her much to hope, demanded her business. In moving terms, she informed him she was an unfortunate being going a journey, and had lost her way, and would take it as a very great favour if he would permit her to sit down in his cottage till morning.

He answered, if he thought her an object worthy his compassion, he should have no objection—"But," added he, "there are so many impostors in the world, I know not how to proceed."

He then turned from the window, as if to ask the opinion of another person, whom Emily soon found to be his wife—as the door was opened by an old woman, who grumbled to herself while she stirred about the embers to procure a light.

"My husband will take you in for a few hours, if you are really distressed; but it looks very comical to see a young woman walking alone at midnight, with an excuse that she has lost her way. I should think you are one of those who are never out of the way: however, it looks very suspicious. Girls should always be at home before it is dark."

Emily, glad of an opportunity to get rid of the bundle that hung heavy on her delicate arm, but ill calculated to sustain much burden, had, before she uttered these words, thrown it on the floor, and placed herself on the first seat she came near. The old woman soon procured a light, and viewed her with scrutinising attention, thinking to judge by her external appearance of what description of persons she held her rank among. Infatuated old woman! forgetting how many there are in the world can

——"look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it*."

"Where was you," says she, "when I stirred up the fire to get a light to find poor Tib?"

"Coming across the green," answered Emily.

She then gave her, in a concise manner, the particulars of her life, concealing names; finishing her account by begging her permission to remain a few weeks in her cottage; promising,

* Shakspeare's "Macbeth."

promising, if she agreed to her proposals, to reward her amply at some future period for her hospitality.—The old woman listened with attention to that part of the story that alluded to a reward; and, thinking by her dress she was no common person, begun making apologies for her unjust suspicions, which Emily silenced, by saying a person being alone at that time of night was sufficient to excite suspicions in any one.

The old woman, with the idea of reward, became very assiduous, and placed before her a slice of bread and cheese, with frequent assurances of being heartily welcome. This, with the cleanliness that reigned around, was an inducement for Emily to eat, which she did with an appetite she had long been a stranger to.

When her repast was finished, she followed the old woman up an antique stair-case, apparently the remains of some large building.—The cornices and carved ornaments that adorned the bed-room, almost defaced by time, showed it was of no modern construction. She inquired after the former inhabitants of their cottage, and whether it was originally in the state she then saw it. She was answered in the negative: it was the vicarage-house; but, as the present incumbent had two or three benefices, he found that house too small and secluded from the fashionable world; that is, too great a distance from the table of his liberal patrons: consequently, he hired one more adapted to his own private interests, and left the then inhabitants in the one he quitted, to prevent its falling down.

Emily was rather surprised to see a comfortable bed, and the room very neatly furnished. The old woman, with tears in her eyes, informed her it was the bed her daughter Susan used to sleep in. Her emotion at the mention of her daughter's name naturally aroused the curiosity of Emily, who inquired what was the occasion of it. She shook her head, apparently much distressed, and promised to relate minutely every circumstance concerning her the ensuing morning.

Emily, then carefully concealing her little fund of supplies, retired to rest. Fatigue wants not a bed of down to repose on, and so our heroine found it. She rested her head on the homely pillow, and awoke not till the sun had made a faint effort to chase away the frosty rime that hung on the spiritless branches of the trees. After pouring out the pious effusions of her soul in gratitude to Heaven for the protection she had hitherto met with from two persons so prejudicial to her peace, imploring likewise fortitude to support her with becoming resignation in all she had to undergo, she descended the staircase, where she found the old woman busy in preparing their frugal breakfast, which proved a delicious meal to Emily, being offered with that hearty welcome she had not of late been accustomed to. No elegant porcelain, or obsequious bowing of bedizened domestics, were required: she saw in their countenances those marks of a generous disposition she had oft looked for in vain in the countenance of the baron and his daughter, which afforded her more satisfaction than all the elegancies of their castle could have produced.

When breakfast was cleared away, the old woman proceeded to give Emily the promised account of her unfortunate daughter Susan. On hearing her name mentioned, the old man heaved a sigh, and almost inarticulately uttered—

" On her we placed all our hopes of happiness; but disappointments are

are the common lot of mankind." He then turned his head, and, seeing the tears of his wife, said, "It has given me much uneasiness,—I am very, very sorry, but it will teach us an example of self-denial, not to depend on any thing in this world, for too often are our greatest dependencies entirely frustrated, and that which we dwell on with the most flattering expectation totally reversed; and thus are we hurled from the steep of hope into the vale of disappointment."—"Ah!" sighed the old woman, "You, Thomas, are continually bringing up some object of consolation: I am indebted much to your good intentions, but the feelings of nature must have their course. I can't always conceal my anxiety: it is true mankind are subject to care and disappointments; but the event I now am about to relate is enough to distress any person."

Emily acknowledged the truth of what they had asserted, relative to the disappointments of the world. She knew, by sad experience, what it was to combat with the storms of life: she reproached them for murmuring at their distress, in these words:—"Though your cause of sorrow may be great, has not Heaven permitted you both to live a comfort to each other? and, very possibly, that daughter you regret would have been a trouble, ah! she might have been a curse to your declining years; and now, though ignominious may have been her end, you are conscious her greatest sufferings are over, and she is removed from a world where the most flattering situations in life are at one time or other embittered by the poignant shafts of disappointment."

This aroused them to a sense of gratitude they owed to Providence for preserving them, as Emily observed, to comfort each other, reciprocally feeling the loss they should sustain were they separated. The old woman promised to grieve about her no more, thinking their distress was, in some degree, imaginary, which Emily likewise thought, knowing had Norton been permitted to have remained with her, to comfort and advise her how to proceed, all other troubles would have appeared as a mere shadow: his absence alone made her the hapless being she then was. But to return to the memoirs of the unfortunate Susan, which the old woman delivered in words to the following effect:

"My husband and self were well brought up. I possessed but little of that dross which makes mankind esteemed,—that is, my fortune was small; my husband's liberal; consequently his parents were very averse to our marriage, but he disdained their menaces; so as he possessed happiness, all mercenary views were held in derision. By his relatives, by their cruelty, were we reduced to what you now see, but yet were we happy; blessed in the society of each other, we had nought to fear; the dutiful and engaging conduct of our daughter Susan heightened our bliss; we bestowed on her a liberal education, and that was the occasion of her ruin. People in our humble station don't require much learning, as it only opens their eyes, and gives them a notion of scenes they can never engage in; so it was with Susan; it certainly refined her understanding, but at the same time it elevated and inflamed her breast with a desire of obtaining what a person in her obscure rank in life never should have aspired too. Her imagination soared above our humble neighbours; yet, till she reached her seventeenth year, was she dutiful and mild, and, shall a mother say?—excessively handsome. The first day I ever saw any alteration in

her behaviour, was once when she had been for milk at yonder farm-house: she appeared much confused; I asked her the reason of it, but she gave me no satisfactory answer, evading my inquiries, and appearing very indifferent; upon which I ceased to interrogate her, and thought no more of it, till her father at night told me he saw a carriage stop in the road near her, and some one in it spoke to her. Infatuated woman! I fondly flattered myself some gentleman had fallen in love with her, and would exalt her to that station in life she was born to adorn: but how have I experienced the sad reverse!" (here the poignancy of her feelings for a while overcame all power of utterance, when, after a short time, she then resumed,) "From that time she became quite altered, peevish and ill-natured; sometimes behaving to us with her former tenderness and assiduity; at others, captious and dissatisfied, despising our lowly cottage and poor neighbours. It hurt us much to see this change in her behaviour; we saved up a small sum of money, and furnished her bed-room in the state it now is, and bought her a few articles of wearing apparel:—all was of no avail; we could effect no change in her behaviour. This passed on, till we one day saw a servant in livery meet her, and deliver into her hands a letter, which we told her of, and she denied. Certain there was some scheme on foot, we kept her continually in the house, at least watching her when she did go out; till one fatal day, we were thrown out of our guard, by a person coming in great haste for my husband and self, to go immediately to his brother, who was on the point of death, and wished to see us: pleased with the idea of a reconciliation, we immediately set off, and forgot in our confusion what might happen to Susan in the mean time: I remember how bitterly she wept; which I attributed, at the time, to her uncle's danger; but I have since thought it proceeded from a consciousness of the base artifice imposed on her parents. The tear of sensibility would naturally arise, when she knew, in all probability, it was the last time she might behold the authors of her being; as we were fast going the way of all flesh, which way would be much embittered by her conduct. When we came to our brother's, we met with the usual austere reception; suffice it to say, he was very well, and had sent no message, but accused us with being the inventors of it, on purpose to trouble him; this we denied, and hastened home, certain some scheme was in agitation;—but too late we returned to save a daughter from ruin! No Susan was to be found. When the first paroxysms of grief were over, we inquired of every person we could see, whether they had seen her; when we learnt from an old shepherd in the neighbourhood, that she was gone off with a gentleman towards London. Many wearisome months we passed without being able to gain any information of her; till one day we received a letter, which served to develope the direful mystery;" (which the old woman fetched for Emily's perusal, scarcely legible from the frequent examinations it had undergone: and with difficulty she read as follows:)

"What poignant anguish racks my overcharged bosom, on taking up my pen to address my ever dear though ill-treated parents. If remorse or contrition ever expiated sins, mine have been thoroughly expiated. My languid hand almost refuses to obey the impulse of my bursting heart. I feel the thread of life nearly exhausted, and sometimes

fear

fear I shall be hurried into the presence of a justly provoked Deity, without ever explaining to my beloved parents the reason of my abrupt departure from their tender and assiduous protection :, though, alas! ere this, they must be acquainted with the sad, ah! truly may I say, infamous conduct of their deluded daughter. Ambition was the foundation of all my misery; my mind, naturally romantic and aspiring (I may say weak), was much inflamed by reading novels and romances when at school; not dreaming of their being fictitious, I was at once infatuated by the preposterous notion of making my fortune, like the heroines I there read of, was I permitted to enter the world: London I thought the only place to exhibit my person, and the gay metropolis bounded all my imaginary views—that bane to my peace. An instinctive emulation soon made me excel all the other pupils at school, consequently I had more leisure time, which I employed in planning schemes to promote my favourite project; stupidly imagining, to be elevated in life, was to have all our wishes gratified; little thinking that many an anguished breast rode in coronetted carriages; but, too late, I found, to be truly happy, we must be truly virtuous. 'I now look forward, with hope and serene humility, to that hour which nature cannot long delay; and hope to possess, in a better state, that happiness which here I could not find, and that virtue which here I have not attained*.'

"I shall not dwell on particulars of my departure; suffice it to say, that depraved villain, Allen, prevailed on me to accompany him to London; (would to Heaven I had been more explicit, when you interrogated me on the cause of my altered behaviour, which was occasioned by vice and virtue alternately gaining an ascendency in my bosom!) When I arrived in London, I found an elegant suite of apartments for my reception; every luxury ill-gotten wealth could procure was at my service; yet, amid all my grandeur, moments of serious reflection would intervene; and then I found how ineffectual splendour was, to procure peace of mind. Many an hour of anxiety I experienced, in deploring the distress I had brought on by indulgent parents. I visited most of the public places of amusement, to eradicate reflection from my breast,—but in vain. A few moments, in the gaiety of my heart, I might forget my infamy,—forget what a stigmatised name I bore; but again a sense of my weakness returned, with redoubled force; and I was far more miserable in the possession of splendour, than when my only cause of uneasiness was, a wish to obtain it. Oft have I endeavoured to summons sufficient resolution to write to my injured parents; but, conscious I had forfeited all claim to their affection, I could not venture even to implore their forgiveness. My admirer soon became less frequent in his visits, behaving, when he did come, in a cold, indifferent manner; my luxurious living decreased with his attention; and soon I had nothing left of all my greatness to procure the common necessaries of life. My servants left me to seek for better accommodations, and I was quite deserted. In vain I wrote and implored the assistance of my vile seducer; he turned a deaf ear to all my entreaties. One day I sat pensively ruminating o'er my unfortunate condition, when the mistress of the house (who, in my prosperity, was all obedience and civility)

* Johnson's Prince of Abyssinia.

civility) entered my room, loading me with the bitterest invectives, desiring me to turn out of doors; keeping my cloaths, to pay in part, according to the worth of them, the money due for my apartments. Who can conceive my distress? — no means of procuring provisions, even to supply the cravings of nature!— no friend!—a reputation branded with infamy. To supplicate charity, I was ashamed; even if I could, I should have met with very little encouragement. Almost sinking with the fatigue of both mind and body, I wandered, unconscious whither, till I found myself in the Park, where I sank, almost deprived of my senses, on a seat: when a little revived, I sat, unconscious of all around me, to devise some means of procuring a morsel of bread; when my dress, the remains of former extravagance, together with my apparent distress, attracted the observation of another wretch, equally as infamous as my former betrayer: he, in a hypocritical manner, insinuated himself into my favour, by commiserating my misfortunes; saying he would take me home to his wife, as she was in want of a servant. Much as I had suffered by the duplicity of his sex, I was yet credulous enough to believe what he asserted, and looked up to him as one of a superior order of beings, sent from Heaven to protect me in the hour of my dissolution: but soon had I reason to execrate, instead of bless, such a wretch; as he informed me he was determined to take me into keeping, and if I refused, to send me to prison, under pretence of imposing myself on him with a false character, when, with more of my connexions, I had formed a scheme to rob him. Indignation and despair for a while subverted my reason; when I was left to the care of an old dissembling wretch, who tried all the base arts she was mistress of to persuade me into a coincidence with his proposals; but I was determined, whatever I might suffer, no more to enter that way of life I ever held in abhorrence, though inadvertently drawn into it. For a few days I was perpetually tormented, by the persecutions of a worthless being I had not strength to flee from. The time was nearly expired when I was to accept his protection, or go to prison, when I turned my thoughts on an escape, though closely watched. Heaven sent an opportunity, and I fled from that detestable house, to combat with difficulties almost as distressing. For to beggary I could not humble; for servitude I had no character; thus rambling from one street to another, suffering all manner of insults and internal mortifications; till at length borne down with fatigue, emaciated, and almost insensible, I sat down on the steps of a large mansion, at the west end of the town, when some humane Christians commiserated my distress, and took me under their hospitable roof, where, notwithstanding every attention, my illness has continued to increase, and I now feel myself on the verge of the grave. I have oft inquired to whose beneficence I am indebted, for providing me this comfortable asylum; but all the answer I obtain is, to be tranquil, and not inquisitive.—I have written these few lines, I fear, unintelligible; excess of anguish has compelled me several times to lay down my pen; I can scarce retain sufficient feeling in my languid hand, to implore forgiveness, and beg of my injured parents to offer up their prayers to Heaven for the soul of their unfortunate daughter,—to that Being who blots out the iniquities of thousands: if that lenity is to be found,

happy

happy are they who make their exit from this earthly stage, where the most flattering scenes present nought but care and disappointment. That you may soon meet me in those regions where true happiness is alone permanent, is the fervent prayer of your truly repentant daughter, SUSAN."

With difficulty could Emily repress the emotions of her bosom, till she had perused this truly affecting letter; yet, at the same time, feeling a momentary gleam of satisfaction, to think she had thus fortunately escaped from such a villain as Allen. She then endeavoured to console the old man and woman; which she, in some degree, effected; and then related to them the usage she had met with at Allen's; when the old woman lifted up her hands in an agony of grief, and exclaimed, "Then you have withstood the temptations my poor Susan could not withstand! had she been blessed with your penetration, she had not cost me the floods of tears she now has; but I hope and trust she is at present happy, far from the wretch who effected her ruin, and whose punishment will be severe enough, if only the stings of conscience."

Emily, thus informed of the daughter's fate, and finding the old lady intelligent and civil, remained very comfortable; that is, as contented as a person in her situation possibly could; till a circumstance occurred that gave her fresh hopes of seeing her father; for the old woman, going to a town not far distant, purchased Emily a piece of muslin to work, and round it was wrapped a newspaper, which contained the following paragraph: "Arrived yesterday, at Torbay, a transport, from the coast of France, accompanied by the Lannock man of war; on board of which were several passengers, who were taken prisoners some years since, and have now made their escape from a French prison."

This, Emily thought, in all probability, might be the fate of her father; and this consideration rather enlivened her spirits, and she had again, in some degree, resumed her former tranquillity; relying on Providence for the restoration of Norton to her, as well as all other events.

One evening, when they were sitting around their fire, Emily repeating "Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard," (for though deprived of all her books, she had read it so often, that she knew every part quite perfect,) and the old man and woman attentively listening to her, they were much alarmed by a noise at the door: they arose to see who it was, when they were informed by a servant that his master was thrown from his horse on the green, and much hurt, requiring their immediate assistance.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERS

(From Mordaunt; or Sketches of Life, Characters, and Manners in various Countries. By the Author of Zeluco.)

LADY MANGO.

LADY Mango is the offspring of a respectable grocer in the city, who, having a variety of daughters, thought it prudent speculation to send the handsomest, and most troublesome of them, on a matrimonial venture to Bengal; where she had the good luck to hit the fancy of Mr. Mango, just after he had made an immense fortune by some very advantageous contracts. He

He paid assiduous court to the girl, made her splendid offers, and was in hopes of bringing the intrigue to a happy conclusion without marriage; but, profiting by the experience she had had previous to her leaving London, she rejected all terms in which that ceremony was not an article. After a hard struggle between his prudence and his passion, the latter obtained a victory, and Mr. Mango was married to Miss Figgs.

He was one of those men who put a great importance on whatever contributes, even in the smallest degree, to their own ease; and little or none to what conduces, even in the greatest degree, to the ease of others. This disposition is by no means very uncommon; but Mr. Mango possessed it in rather a greater degree than usual. In him, however, this did not proceed from any positive cruelty of temper, but merely from an indolence of mind, which prevented him from ever thinking of any-body's sensations but his own. In the East Indies, where men of his fortune travel in palanquins, have slaves to fan the flies from them while they repose, and are surrounded by the most obsequious dependants, this kind of indulgence of self, and forgetfulness of others, may be carried greater lengths without a check than in England. Mr. Mango was obliged to his wife for instructing him, that another person in his own family, besides himself, had a will of her own; and that it would tend to his tranquillity to follow that person's will instead of his own. This she accomplished without the assistance of genius; and without any talent whatever, except obstinacy; for in all other respects she was a weak woman. She made it a rule to insist, with unremitting perseverance, on every measure she proposed, until it was adopted; and, by adhering to this simple rule, all her measures were sooner or later adopted; for, what point will not a man give up, rather than hear an eternal harping on the same string.

After Mrs. Mango had obtained the great object of her voyage to the East Indies, her next was to prevail on her husband to return to England, where the splendour in which she proposed to live was more flattering to her imagination than the luxuries at her command where she was. Mr. Mango informed her, "that the situation of his affairs required that his family should remain another year in the East Indies;" and she informed him, "that it would be better for him and his family to return that very season to England." She repeated this every day, and every hour of the day, for a month: after which the whole family embarked.

On their passage home, the wife was observed to be in good spirits, even when the weather was bad; whereas the husband complained of sickness, even when the weather was good: and a little before they arrived at Portsmouth, he acknowledged to one of the passengers, that his *contract* was the most unfortunate one he ever made.

He had hardly any acquaintance in London, and he was not much flattered by that of his wife's relations. Mr. and Mrs. Mango were, therefore, seldom together; and he appeared rather low spirited for some time after their arrival: yet, when she asked him how he liked London, he had the politeness to answer, that, "on the whole, he preferred it to living aboard a ship."

By habit, London became less disagreeable to him; and as he saw little of his wife, and had formed some new acquaintance, whose society amused him, he began to get the better of his dejection, when his

his spouse opened on him a new source of vexation, which lasted all his life.

Mr. Mango's Christian-name was Jeremiah. When a boy at school, his comrades, for some whimsical reason, when they wished to teaze him, used to call him *Sir Jeremiah.* Nothing provoked him so much, and he held in utter abhorrence the appellation ever after. He never signed Jeremiah, but always J. Mango. His correspondents were instructed to address their letters to him in the same manner. If he received one with *Jeremiah* at full length, it put him out of humour the whole day.

Most unfortunately for this gentleman, the husband of one of his wife's acquaintance was knighted; and his spouse, of course, instead of Mrs. Lotion, was called Lady Lotion. This was a great mortification to Mrs. Mango, who considered herself as the superior of this acquaintance, because her husband was richer, and because, as she asserted, she was sprung from a more ancient and honourable family of grocers than the other.

Mr. Mango having come home one day in a gayer humour than usual to dinner, after a little preface, his spouse said, "That his friends were surprised that he did not apply to be made a knight."

The poor man turned pale in an instant, and burst into a cold sweat: he well knew the consequence of having that dignity conferred on him would be to have the detested name of Sir Jeremiah sounded in his ears for the rest of his life. He had often thanked his stars that this idea had never entered his wife's head, and had once cautioned one of his friends never to mention, in her presence, the name of a relation of his, who made a continual display of a foreign badge upon his breast, and had *Sir* pronounced before his name. The same friend told me, that Mr. Mango, in the fulness of his heart, on this affecting subject, had expressed himself, with some variation, in the words of Othello:

——— "It has pleased Heaven
To try me with affliction,
To steep me in marriage to the very lips,
To give to captivity me and my utmost
hopes;
Yet still I find, in some place of my soul,
A drop of comfort—I am not yet
A fixed figure for the time of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at"—

"For," continued he, in a less emphatic tone, "though I hear frequently of wives teazing their husbands to apply to be made knights, yet that cursed fantasy has never occurred to mine; and I hope to slip quietly out of the world without being branded with the horrid appellation of Sir Jeremiah."

Such being Mr. Mango's sentiments, it is easy to imagine how much he must have been shocked at what his wife said. He made no immediate reply, having some faint hope that it was a transient idea, which she might never resume. But when Mrs. Mango repeated what she had said, he meekly represented to her the horror he felt at the thought of having the odious name of Sir Jeremiah continually resounded in his ears, and earnestly begged that she would not insist on a measure which would subject him to such a mortification.

To this Mrs. Mango replied, that "he was to blame in disliking the name of Jeremiah; that, though not a royal name, like those of David, and Solomon, and Rehoboam, and others, yet it was a scripture name, and the name of a great prophet; that, although the French revolution had decreased the number of kings and increased that of

of prophets, yet a great prophet was as great a rarity as a great king, and in a short time, perhaps, would be greater; that the appellation of Sir Jeremiah, therefore, was at least as respectable as that of Sir any thing else. She also represented that every alderman, contractor, apothecary, physician, and broker in London, who had scraped together one half of his fortune, applied to be created a baronet or knight; that the difference was nothing to her; and as he had no children, was as little to him; but that it was indispensably necessary that he should be the one or the other."

Mr. Mango was too well acquainted with the persevering temper of his wife to have any hope, after this declaration, of prevailing on her to renounce her whim. He well knew that the same representation, in more acrimonious terms, would be made to him at breakfast, dinner, and supper, as well as in bed, until the point was carried: he therefore thought it best to contest the matter no longer; but making a virtue of necessity, applied to a friend who had some small interest at court, and he was soon after created a knight, and was, to his sorrow, denominated Sir Jeremiah; and his wife, to her great satisfaction, became Lady Mango.

After this, she gave entertainments more unmercifully than ever: she invited all the West as well as the East Indies to her routes and assemblies, at which she glitters, with gold and jewels, like the queen of Sheba at Bartholomew-fair, and never fails to gather such a crowd, that her company is as well squeezed as at any assembly or route within the bills of mortality. I was present at one in very hot weather, when several women fainted; and a corpulent lady, dressed in black, with a mass of white plumage on her head, happening to enter at the instant, Mr. Travers, who stood by me, said, "Thank Heaven! here comes a hearse to carry off the dead bodies."

But poor Mr. Mango did not long survive the name of Sir Jeremiah: it gave a knell to his heart, and a kind of hectic suffused his cheek as often as he heard it pronounced. He dwindled and died at no distant date after he received the honour of knighthood.

Though his fate was evident several weeks before it took place, Mrs. Mango would never admit that he was in any danger, nor ever altered her own way of living. She told her company that he delighted in seeing every body merry around him: but when she was told that her husband was actually dead, she made as great a display of surprise and sorrow as if, in the midst of perfect health, he had dropped down in an apoplexy.

Her sorrow, however, became real, when his last will was examined. She knew that he had made *one* will, by which she was left a large sum; but she did not know that he had afterwards made another, cancelling the first, and leaving the whole of his fortune among his relations, so that she has nothing but the jointure granted by her contract of marriage. *That*, however, is sufficiently ample to indulge her only passion, by giving frequent entertainments, in all of which she is sure to appear as ridiculous, though not so magnificently dressed, as in the days of her husband.

THE WIDOW DEMURE.

Mrs. Demure's father had a large estate in one of our West-Indian islands: her mother was a native of that country. When they quitted it to establish themselves in England, their

their family consisted of two sons and a daughter; so that, although the father was rich, this daughter had but a moderate portion.

The Christian-names of Mary, Ann, Elizabeth, &c. which it was anciently the custom in this land for parents to bestow upon their daughters, began some years ago to be changed for Maria, Anna, Eliza. Those, with other royal, imperial, and poetical names, came afterwards so much in fashion, that Carolinas, Charlottas, Augustas, Julias, and Sophias, are now to be found in every alley of London; and particularly, as I have been told, in the environs of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. This being the case, it was not surprising that the mode was transported to our West-Indian islands.

The name of Mrs. Demure's father was Black; and the Christian-name of her grand-mother, from whom he looked for a legacy, Grizzle. The old lady expected that the child should be named after her; and both the parents agreed that it would be dangerous to disoblige her: they told her, however, that they wished to add two other very delightful names; and the old lady had the complaisance to say—"That she had no objection to their giving their daughter as many names as they pleased, provided hers was one of them." They had already prepared the two names which they thought best calculated to correct the vilifying impression of Grizzle, Mrs. Demure's maiden-name, therefore, was Angelina Celestina Grizzle Black.

She was only nine years old when she came to England. At twelve or thirteen, when English females are generally considered as children, Angelina Celestina had much the appearance of a woman. She was already beautiful. The advance of time promised perfection to the rising beauties of her person, and opened fresh charms in her countenance. The effect of time on the charms of the mother was directly the reverse.—She did not perceive this in her looking-glass; but she became sensible of it in a manner still more mortifying, by an evident diminution in the attentions of the men, which began to turn from herself to her daughter; and the beauties of the one seemed to bloom in proportion as those of the other withered. The mother, at last, considered her daughter in the light of a thief, who stole from her those goods on which she set the highest value; and she felt an aversion from her accordingly.

With all the stress which some people put on what they call natural affection, this does not seem to me at all extraordinary, for what is more natural than to hate those whom we see enjoying what we lost. I have heard the mother condemned, on that account, by men who had an abhorrence to the sight of their own nearest relations, for no other reason than because they were heirs to their estates: as if it were not more provoking to see another enjoying what you have been deprived of, during your life, than merely to know that he is to possess it after your death. And I shall leave it to any beautiful woman to judge, whether it would not both mortify and provoke her more to see her beauty, than to see her estate transferred to another. Yet men are astonished that Mrs. Demure's mother should have a prejudice against her own daughter! It must be confessed that of all the inconsistent animals on earth, men are the most so. Their whole sex is a composition of vanity, caprice, and contradiction. I will not deny, however, that there are exceptions.

 But

But to return to the history of miss Angelina Celestina Grizzle Black.

Her father was an extravagant thoughtless man, but extremely indulgent to his daughter. The mother had never loved her husband, and now disliked him more than ever, on account of that indulgence: she became daily more peevish and morose to her husband, and treated her daughter with augmenting severity. Young Angelina's disposition did not improve by the example of that mutual detestation which existed between her father and mother. She coaxed and laughed at the one, dreaded and hated the other, and tried to deceive both. The extravagance of the sons ruined the father's affairs, and brought him to his grave. Narrow circumstances increased the malignant tempers of the mother and daughter, who now lived in a state of most acrimonious discord with each other. The former was sometimes overheard pouring reproaches of a singular nature upon her daughter. Some people imputed these entirely to the intemperance of the woman; but it is not likely that a mother would accuse a daughter without foundation. The young lady, no doubt, heard of the rumours which those accusations gave rise to, for she became at once wonderfully circumspect, hypocritical, and prudish.

Having seen the distress which the ruinous state of her father's affairs had thrown his family into, she grew so fond of money (a disposition she had never before manifested), that, in her opinion, life was not worth holding without a great deal of it. To secure so essential an article therefore, and to be relieved from the vexations of her mother, she accepted the hand of Mr. Demure, a man extremely rich, and extremely infirm, of the same character and the same age with her father, and of an appearance more disagreeable than men usually are at any age. He was generally confined one half of the year with the gout. She displayed a great deal of care and sympathy about this poor man, nursed him in his confinement, warmed his flannels, smoothed his pillow, and made him believe, at last, that she really had some affection for him.—What is so extravagant and inconsistent, that handsome women, assisted by men's vanity and self-love, cannot make them believe?

Some of those who were witnesses to her behaviour were so imposed on by the tender and sympathising manner in which she performed those disgusting offices, that they adopted the opinion of her husband: as if it were not infinitely more likely, that a young woman should act the part of a hypocrite, which is so natural, and which the prejudices of men have rendered so necessary to young women, than that she should have an affection for an infirm man.

Besides, Mrs. Demure, from particular circumstances, had been even more habituated to dissimulation than young women usually are.—She had been under the necessity of concealing her feelings from an earlier date than common. She had served a long apprenticeship to hypocrisy and simulation.

After she took the intrepid step of marrying such a man as Mr. Demure, it was incumbent on her to overcome her disgust, however strong it might be, and seem to love him: it was equally incumbent on her to persevere till his death: had she relaxed in her caresses he might have served her as Sir Jeremiah Mango did his lady.

Still some people were astonished that even those considerations could prevail on a woman, so formed

for

for pleasure, to submit to so long a deprivation; for the man held out a full half year after her marriage; which, no doubt, was a longer period than she had calculated on.

But this difficulty is removed by supposing that she submitted to no such thing; which is my fixed opinion.

On the death of her husband, Mrs. Demure had too much sagacity to over-act the part of the sorrowful widow in the ridiculous manner lady Mango had done. She knew very well that every person of common sense was persuaded that she internally rejoiced at the event; she therefore exhibited no greater signs of affliction than decency required. It is true that she continued her weeds longer than was absolutely necessary; but that was because she had been told that Mr. Mordaunt had said she never had looked so beautiful and interesting as in them.

Her partiality for him was discovered or strongly suspected: though she had deceived her husband, she could not conceal it from her sharp-sighted rivals. She hoped, however, to overcome his well-known aversion to marriage; but he gave no hint of any change of sentiment in that article. She tried what coldness would do; and affected a reserve, of which she had never before made him sensible: he bore this with equanimity, and turned his attentions to other women:—this she could not endure; and therefore drew him back, by a display of all her former partiality. About this juncture, as I am fully persuaded, he was indulged in the strongest possible proofs of her kindness. At no very distant period after this, however, a complete rupture seems to have taken place between them.—Some imputed this to Mordaunt's usual inconstancy; others thought it was, in a great measure, owing to an occurrence which made some noise at that time.

Mrs. Demure had a negro maid, of the name of Phillis, who, from her childhood, had been attached to her person, and had always given every proof of affection to her mistress. The girl once forgot to execute some order which her mistress had issued: the neglect was of no importance; but it was discovered when the lady happened to be in a very ill humour. She threatened to have the girl punished with all the severity that is used in the West-Indian islands. The girl hinted, that the law of England stood in the way of such an outrage. Mrs. Demure became instantly sensible that what the girl insinuated was true. She said nothing more on the subject; and appeared to have forgotten the affair, and to be reconciled to her maid.

About two months after, however, Phillis was decoyed on board a ship just ready to sail for the West Indies, with directions that she should be delivered to the manager of her brother's estate, who was instructed to turn her among the field-negroes.

So far from being sensible that she had behaved cruelly, Mrs. Demure boasted of this, as an ingenious and proper manner of punishing the sauciness of a slave.

People's opinions were divided on the subject. The West-India merchants, and those concerned in the slave-trade, who certainly ought to be the best judges, thought that Mrs. Demure served Phillis right: others were of a different way of thinking. Every body allows that Phillis is a sweet-tempered obliging girl; but, after all, she was a slave; and if slaves are treated with what they call humanity, how are we to have sugar?

People ought to allow themselves to

to reflect seriously on consequences before they decide in matters of this kind.

I have been assured, however, that Mr. Mordaunt was shocked when he heard of this transaction; for, though he is by no means a weak man in other respects, he is exceedingly compassionate, and rather romantic in his ideas. Whether this was the chief cause of his breach with Mrs. Demure cannot be ascertained: but what gives some weight to that notion is, that he wrote to a friend in the West Indies to purchase Phillis as soon as possible, and send her back to England by the first opportunity; which was done accordingly. The girl is now free and happy, in the family of Mr. Mordaunt's friend, colonel Sommers.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE *bonnet-rond* and the *bonnet à-la-folle* are now no more; and lawn has ceased to be used in *négligés*.—All the constituent parts of this kind of caps are of lace. The ribband attached to it goes twice or thrice round the head, and is knotted before under the chin. The *grisettes* are still constant to their close head-dress or biggin, trimmed with narrow lace, upon a black, or sometimes a blue handkerchief.

White satin hats maintain their pre-eminence over the rose-colour, black, and sky-blue. Coquelicot satin is now coming into use, with trimmings of black velvet.

The fashionable ribbands are velvets, white capuchin or rose-coloured, which have alternately one edge plain, and the other very prominent; the prominent edge is an imitation of *chenille*. In the trimmings of hats, black jet obtains a preference. The velvet hats of flesh or rose-colour have disappeared; the black however prevail, as they have been revived with a trimming of black jet.

In dresses of *éclat*, white satin is preferred to figured muslins. The taste for silk perseveres. Besides brown Florence and plain white satins, we see coloured, figured, and striped satins. However, lawn is not entirely exploded. Some wear the tunic of lawn, and the spencer or Turkish robe of silk. Some *élégants* still adhere to long casimer shawls; but those most commonly worn are square silk, in large diamonds, like a draft-board, with a fringed border.

Costume-de-Bal.

Satin or crape, artificial flowers, black jet, and sometimes gold bands, enter into the composition of the ornaments for the hair, which in itself constitutes the head-dress. Fair hair, falling in ringlets to the neck, and combed down on the forehead, with a wreath of red roses passing obliquely over the head, and a band of gold entwined with one of rose-colour satin, is the head-dress which our fashionables of the first order have appeared in at the balls. The robe is of white satin; but to mark the shape they wear over it a scarlet or black velvet spencer without sleeves, with a mitred trimming round the waist. Tippets are in great repute, tied before, and so long as to reach to the bottom of the robe, which has a narrow border of black. There is also another favourite *costume* for the ball-room, of the following description: the hair dressed as above, but without any ornament except a white ribband passing through it. Over the robe a white tunic trimmed with deep scarlet, the sleeves very short, festooned, and reaching just below the shoulder. The robe, at bottom, is trimmed with a design *à-la-Greque*,

of

of the same colour as the cestus and trimming of the tunic, contained within two violet lines. Plain white slippers.

MALE FASHIONS.

A great many of our fine men have resumed powder, which they wear in great profusion. Their curled-up hair forms a thick mat. The collar of the coat is every day growing larger: the sleeves are close, and all the buttons of stuff. The under-waistcoat is striped in very small diamonds; the riding-coat large, with a three or four-fold cape; the pantaloons are worn easy, the cravat is high, the hat almost without any leaf, and the shirt visible.

THE CORSICANS.

(*Continued from page 211.*)

Act II. Scene VI.

Enter Muller, who crosses the stage, and is going towards the apartment of the Count.

Ottilia.

Mr. Muller, a word with you.

Muller. What are your commands, madam?

Ottilia. I must, first, ask your pardon, should my question appear to have too much of impertinent curiosity in it.

Muller. If your question relates to me or my affairs, the subject is little worth your curiosity, I assure you.

Ottilia. Are you a native of Germany?

Muller. Of Germany?—Oh yes; I am any thing you please.

Ottilia. You avoid going directly to the point, Mr. Muller.

Muller. I used once to go directly forward, till I had the misfortune to run my head against a post.

Ottilia. Were I not much interested in the inquiry I make, I should not have asked the question.

Muller. Yes, yes: I can believe every person is interested in my welfare, if they say so, or if they do not say so.

Ottilia. Well, be so obliging as to inform me which is your native country?

Muller (with a sarcastic smile). Native country! I have none.

Ottilia. But you had one, I presume?

Muller. I was once simple enough to believe so.

Ottilia. Should I be mistaken were I to suppose you a Corsican?

Muller (endeavouring to conceal surprise and embarrassment). Yes, indeed, you would be mistaken; for there are no Corsicans.

Ottilia. This sarcastic remark confirms my suspicions.

Muller. Madam, if your suspicions were well founded, generosity and politeness would teach you to say no more on the subject.

Ottilia. You are unhappy?

Muller. I am old enough, madam, to know that we were born to wish, but must die to obtain. When I was a little boy I once cried for my nurse to pull down the moon and give it me to play with: now I can look at the moon with composure, and without once thinking of putting it into my pocket.

Ottilia. Full-grown children will sometimes be very anxious for the gratification of wishes not much less extravagant. And who has not once, at least, in his life been such a child?

Muller. Once is pardonable, because the eye may be deceived, and it is impossible to judge of distances without experience. But whoever more

more than once stakes his fortune, his life, his honour, for virtue, liberty, patriotism—or by whatever other names those luminaries are called which wander over our heads yet scarcely send down to us one feeble ray of borrowed light—whoever does this, deserves, like Socrates, the cup of poison; or, like the conqueror at Marathon, to end his days in a gaol.—You see I grow very warm.—I thought that I only despised mankind, but in truth I find that I hate them.

Ottilia. Were I a man I would entreat you to make me your confident.

Muller. Your sex would be no objection with me, for I have been much oftener deceived by men than women. [*He speaks what follows with an emotion which he appears desirous to suppress.*]—The only perfect creature I ever knew upon earth was a woman, and in your face, madam, I perceive features nearly resembling those of that angel. Were there not a kind of confidence that resembles complaint, as complaint does begging, that eye, the melancholy smile on those lips, would perhaps draw from me my secret. But he, who by a useless communication gives pain to a feeling heart, merely to talk of himself and tell his story over and over, like the cuckow, destroys his last and best support—the consciousness of that concealed power which enables him to say to himself—"I sustain a heavy load, but you do not see it."

Ottilia (appears greatly agitated, and, after a pause, addresses him in the Corsican language). I entreat my unfortunate countryman to confide in me.

Muller (greatly surprised and embarrassed fixes his eyes on Ottilia; then answers abruptly).—The count has sent for me. [*Exit.*

Scene VII.

Ottilia alone.

Yes, he is a Corsican, and perhaps a person of more consequence than he wishes to appear.—But of what rank he is imports but little. In a foreign country we take notice of every peasant whom at home we should totally disregard. He speaks our language, and the tone of his voice reminds us of times that are past. If he only name a person that was dear to us, a town in which we resided, or a spot where we were happy, he becomes our kinsman, because he carries us back, as if by magic, to the period of our childhood, when we were related to all the world, and met with smiles in every friendly face.—I must know more of this mysterious stranger—I must remove the rust with which deceived confidence has incrusted his heart. Perhaps he may reward my perseverance with some intelligence of my father!—Possibly he may know him!—may have met with him somewhere—or may know where he is!—Oh my heart! beat not so violently—it is only a possibility! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII.

(An avenue of lime-trees in the garden.)

Felix alone.

Am I at length alone!—not seen by the eye of any stranger.—Some people have so much curiosity, they wish to see every thing, hear every thing, and know every thing—and why?—to blame, to criticise, to jeer, or to give their weighty opinions on the subject. When they have so done, they turn on their heel and are gone. No; this ribband shall never be profaned by the eye of a stranger. Here, under this lime-tree, I can press

press it unobserved to my lips. Here with tears of joy can I restore the obliterated traces of the tears she shed for me.—There, rest on my bosom; be the talisman of virtue; inspire me with cheerfulness under my sufferings; and press heavily on my breast should any ignoble sentiment debase the heart that beats beneath thee.

SCENE IX.

Enter Rose.

Rose. So I have found you at last, Mr. Muller; I have been looking for you all the morning.

Felix. I had not found myself till just this moment.

Rose. Found yourself! What a strange joke! Can one lose one's-self?

Felix. Yes, indeed.

Rose. I never yet lost myself in my life.

Felix. Heaven grant you may be able to say the same ten years hence.

Rose (counting her fingers). Ten and thirteen are twenty-three.

Felix. What are you reckoning?

Rose. And fourteen, I should say; for next Candlemas-day I shall be fourteen.

Felix. So old as that?

Rose. Next Easter I shall go to confession.

Felix. And what has Rose to confess?

Rose. Why, my sins to be sure.

Felix. Let us hear some of them?

Rose. O yes! That will never do.

Felix. No; why not?

Rose. You are too young.

Felix. But I have read old books.

Rose. No matter for that. What are my sins to you? You cannot give me absolution.

Felix. You shall at least reckon them up to me, that you may not forget them.

Rose. In the first place, then,—it was at Christmas-time.—We were all dancing and making merry, and I forgot to give our goldfinch its bird-seed; and so the poor creature was starved.

Felix. Aye, that was very bad.

Rose. It was very cruel, indeed; but I cried a great deal about it.

Felix. Well, what besides? Go on.

Rose. I twice threw sugar into old Susan's milk, and she churned all day long to no purpose.—But I will not do so again.

Felix. Well then, we will say no more about that.

Rose. But the worst is still to come.

Felix. The worst!

Rose. Yes.—Last Whitsuntide I broke a dish—my father was in a very great passion about it—and—I am ashamed to tell you—it was a sad bad trick—I laid the blame upon the maid.

Felix. And what followed?

Rose. My father was going to give the girl a box on the ear; but I would rather have had a dozen blows myself.—"Hold! hold!" cried I, as loud as I could, "it was I did it."—Directly I had the box on the ear, and I was rightly served: was I not?

Felix. Very rightly, indeed.

Rose. I very sincerely asked the poor girl's pardon however.

[*Natalia appears at the back part of the stage, and seeing Felix and Rose together withdraws, but soon returns and listens.*]

Rose. But I have been very silly to tell you of this naughty trick of mine; for now you will not love me any more.

Felix. That would be no great misfortune.

Rose. O yes, it would though! for I like you extremely. When you was so very ill, I was always happy and merry when I came to see you; though at home, in my little room,

room, I was dull and mopish, and ready to cry my eyes out.

Felix. Was you indeed, my dear little girl?

Rose. And I love my young lady as well again, because she seemed to ask after you so anxiously and kindly; and when she sent me to you, was so impatient till I came back again.

Felix (with much emotion). Was she?

Rose. Once.—I have not told you that yet.—She charged me not.

Felix. What was it?—Do tell me directly.

Rose. You must not tell any body that I told you.

Felix. No, no, indeed. You may depend upon that.

[Natalia *appears confused and retires, but soon returns to listen.*]

Rose. Nay, I cannot conceive why she should be so anxious that you should not know it.

Felix. Perhaps not.—But do tell me?

Rose. We were one evening sitting on the little mount, close by the chesnut grove, whence any one may see in at your window.

Felix. Is that all?

Rose. She stood there for almost an hour.

Felix (endeavouring to conceal his joy). You little simpleton; it is very airy on that mount.

Rose. Yes it was so airy, that it made my teeth chatter.

Felix. But the fine moonlight——

Rose. Moonlight!—it was as dark as pitch.—No, no; I am not quite stupid. I always think that it is very lucky that my young lady is a lady of quality, and that you are only Mr. Muller.

Felix. Why so?

Rose. Why, if my young lady were only a poor gardener's daughter, like me ———

Felix. What then?

Rose. Poor! I can't think that neither. I am indeed a gardener's daughter, but not poor for all that. My father is a saving man, and has laid by some money. We may at any time get into a good farm.

Felix (very thoughtful). So.

Rose. And my father has a very good opinion of you.

Felix. He has?

Rose. He says you appear to be a steady sober young man; and—it is pity, he says, that you do not apply yourself to gardening, especially as you are already pretty well acquainted with the business; and only want a little help in the more difficult parts. And he says, too, that, as he is now growing older every day, he should be glad to find some person he could confide in; for I am too young yet, he says, to be entirely trusted. He says, besides—Aye, I can't tell you all he says.

Felix (in a kind of revery). Very well; and what do you say?

Rose (with a sigh). I?—I say nothing.

Felix. Did not the cool evening air give you cold?

Rose. We talked of this in a room.

Felix. Did you not say something about the chesnut trees and the mount?

Rose. O, my young lady! I had almost forgot her.—She desired me to tell you to call on her without fail the first time you went abroad.

Felix. And this you tell me now for the first time?

Rose. O you know we have had so much to say.—I thought too you liked to be with me.—Do you not like to be with me?

Felix. O yes, child!

Rose. Don't call me child.—One would think I was quite a baby.—Why next Candlemass I shall be fourteen! The steward's daughter is only one year older than I am, and she is going to be married.

Felix.

Felix. Indeed!

Rose. I must go home now, though; or my father will be angry with me. So farewell, dear Mr. Muller!

Felix. Farewell, dear Rose!

Rose. Wo'n't you look at me, Mr. Muller?

Felix (with a kind of constrained tenderness). God bless you, my dear! farewell.

Rose. See what a pretty rose this is. My father put it into my basket, and told me to carry it to my young lady:—but I kept it for I know who.

Felix. For whom?

Rose. Why—if you was to ask me for it ———

Felix. Would you give it me willingly?

Rose. Here, take it.—I gathered it myself. I pricked my fingers finely I know; but I do not mind that if you are pleased with it.

[*She nods to him in a friendly and familiar manner, and runs out.*]

SCENE X.

Felix, Natalia.

[*Felix, imagining himself alone, speaks the following soliloquy, during which Natalia approaches, as if involuntarily; then retires, and comes back.*]

Felix. She came to see me!—Fortunate Camillo!—Darest thou cherish the proud hope that more than compassion glows in the bosom of this angel?—She came to see me!—On yon mount she gazed at me!—thought of me!—I occupied all her attention!—Yet but this very day was I on that mount, and it seemed to me no more than a common heap of earth, planted with trees.—Oh! I knew not that it had been sanctified by her presence. I knew not that it was soon to become my favourite haunt;—the altar of my devotion;—from which, during the tranquil glimmering of twilight, the most ardent vows for Natalia's happiness shall rise to the evening-star!—Natalia! O Natalia!—Let me begone to indulge my enthusiasm on his beloved eminence.

[*He turns hastily round, and sees Natalia standing before him. He starts back, and, in great agitation, casts his eyes on the ground.—Natalia eyes him with a timid side-glance, her face overspread with the blushes of sensibility and innocence. He slowly raises his eyes towards her, and she surveys him with inexpressible tenderness. He throws himself at her feet, takes her hand, and kisses it with violent emotion; then rises, and runs off precipitately. Natalia stands as if fixed to the spot. After a pause, she takes up the rose, places it in her bosom, with a sigh, and slowly withdraws.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

(To be continued.)

The YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

(Continued from p. 205.)

LETTER XIII.

Felicia to Eliza.

WHY, my Eliza, do you thus, by hints and half-finished sentences, shed as it were a kind of poison over the attachment which unites me with Frederic? I wish you were present to witness our conversations: you would then see that our mutual affection for monsieur de Belleville is the link which most closely binds us, and that the promotion of his happiness is the constant and favourite object which attracts us to each other.

This day I spent almost the entire forenoon in Frederic's company: and, during that long *tête-à-tête*, my husband was almost the only subject of our discourse. Monsieur de Belleville's birth-day is now near at hand: I have prepared for the occasion a little theatre in the lodge by the river-side; and I intend to have a band of music in the poplar grove where my father's remains lie entombed. There I was this morning, practising on my harp a little piece which I had composed for my husband. While thus employed, Frederic came to me: for, having guessed my intention, he had also exerted his talents, and now brought me a duet, of which both the words and the music were his own composition. After having sung his piece, which I thought delightful, I showed him mine: he was pleased with it; and if monsieur de Belleville be equally satisfied with my performance, I may boast that no author ever received a more agreeable and flattering reward of his labour.

The heat of the day becoming intense, I wished to return to the house: but Frederic stopped me. Seated near me, he steadily fixed on me his eyes—too steadily indeed—that is his only fault; for his look has a certain expression which it is difficult, I had almost said dangerous, to sustain. After a momentary silence, he thus began—

"You will perhaps hardly believe that the same subject which has this moment melted me to tears—in short, your union with monsieur de Belleville—had, before I was well acquainted with you, inspired me with a strong prejudice to your disadvantage. Accustomed to consider love as the most charming attribute of youth, I conceived that none but a cold or interested soul could consent to form a matrimonial connexion from which that sentiment must be excluded by the disparity of age between the parties. It was not without feeling some repugnance that I came to live in your family: for I expected to find a woman whose characteristics were ambition and dissimulation: and, as I had heard your beauty highly extolled, I sincerely pitied monsieur de Belleville, whom I supposed to have been the dupe of your personal charms. While on my journey with him, he incessantly entertained me with accounts of his own happiness and of your virtues. I so evidently perceived that he really was happy, that I could not refuse to do you justice: yet I did it as it were against my will; for my heart still recoiled from a woman who had made a vow to live with a man whom she did not love; nor could all the eulogiums which I heard him bestow on you remove from my mind the idea that you were reasonable only from constitutional coldness, and generous through ostentation. After I had arrived at your house, after I had seen you, all my prepossessions were soon removed. Never had I beheld a more affecting look: never had a human voice sounded more sweetly to my ear. Your eyes, your tone, your carriage, every thing about you breathes tenderness: yet you are happy: monsieur de Belleville is the constant object of your solicitude: your soul seems to have created a new sentiment in his favour: it is not love, for that would be ridiculous: neither is it friendship, for friendship does not include such respect and deference as you testify for him: you have culled, amid all the existing sentiments, whatever each could furnish best tending to promote the happiness of your husband; and from the whole you have formed a happy combination which

you alone were capable of discovering and reducing to practice. Oh! lovely Felicia! I knew not what motive led or what casual circumstance threw you into the path in which you move: but no other woman upon earth was capable of thus strewing it with flowers."

Here he ceased, as if waiting for my reply. I turned round, and, pointing to my father's tomb, "Under that marble," said I, "repose the ashes of the best of fathers. I was yet in the cradle when he lost my mother: after which sad event, devoting his whole attention to the care of my education, he became toward me the most amiable of preceptors and the most tender of friends, and excited in my bosom so lively sentiments that I felt for him all the filial tenderness due to a father, and all the veneration which I would feel for a god. Death snatched him from my affection when I had but just entered upon my fourteenth year. Sensible of his approaching dissolution, alarmed at the idea of leaving me destitute of protection, and not knowing any other man than monsieur de Belleville for whom he entertained a real esteem, he conjured me to give him my hand in wedlock before his own death. I thought that such a sacrifice might tend to procrastinate for a while that melancholy event: I made it; and never have I had reason to repent of my conduct on that occasion. Oh! my father! thou who readest the secrets of thy daughter's breast, thou knowest the chief the only wish that she forms: may the worthy man, with whom thou hast united her, never experience an uneasy sensation caused by her; and she will have lived happy."

"And I too," exclaimed Frederic in a kind of transport—"And I too! My prayers have been heard.—Every day I prayed for the happiness of my father: but what additional blessing can be asked of the Almighty for him who possesses Felicia? In conferring such a present, heaven has left nothing further to desire."

A moment of silence now succeeded, during which I felt a certain degree of embarrassment, and my fingers, mechanically straying over the strings of my harp, produced some random sounds. Frederic seised my hand, and, respectfully kissing it, "Is it true," said he, "is it possible, that you consent to be my friend? My father wishes you would; he earnestly desires it: of all the favours which he has so liberally lavished on me, this is in my estimation the most valuable: and will you, for the first time, show yourself less generous than he?"

Eliza! my dear Eliza! how could I with-hold from him a sentiment of which my heart was full, and which he so well merits? No! I felt it my duty to make him a promise of my friendship: I made it with fervor. Ah! who has a more powerful claim to it than he, whose every inclination accords so well with mine, who discovers all my inclinations, anticipates my thoughts, cherishes and reveres the father of my children? And you, my dear Eliza! you, the dearly beloved of my heart! when will you come to our abode? when will your presence enable me to relish all the happiness that friendship is capable of producing? Let that celestial sentiment supply for me the place of all those which I have renounced: may it animate all nature; and may I everywhere find it in full force. I shall hear it in the sounds which I produce from my harp; and their vibration shall have their echo in my heart. It is friendship alone that shall call forth my tears; and friendship alone will wipe those tears away.

away. Friendship! thou art every thing: thou givest a charm to every thing—to the fluttering leaf, to the ballad which I sing, to the rose which I cull, to the perfume which it exhales. I wish to live for thee, with thee I wish to die.

LETTER XIV.

Felicia to Eliza.

If my last two letters revived your doubts, my dear cousin, I hope that the present will altogether destroy them. Adela de Rancy arrived here three days ago, and has already made a deep impression on the heart of Frederic. I wished to keep him ignorant of her intended visit, that I might take him by surprise; and my plan succeeded according to my desire. As soon as she was arrived, I conducted her to the lodge on the bank of the river, and then sent for Frederic. He immediately obeyed my summons: but, on seeing Adela by my side, he burst forth into an exclamation, and the deepest crimson tinged his cheek. He nevertheless approached, but with evident embarrassment, and his timid and inquisitive look seemed to ask, "Art thou the person whom I expect?"

Adela was going to complete his confusion by a mischievous smile, when I said, "You are surprised, Frederic, to find me with such a companion?"

"Yes," answered he, looking at her, "I had not an idea that any woman could possess so much beauty."

This flattering compliment, which, from Frederic's lips, had so little the appearance of being intended as a mere compliment, produced an immediate change in Adela's disposition. She cast on him an obliging glance, and made a sign to him to take a seat near her. He accepted the invitation with prompt alacrity, and immediately commenced a conversation, which, if I be not much mistaken, was very different from what that young lady is daily accustomed to hear. Accordingly her replies were few and short; but even her silence enchanted Frederic, who considered it as a proof of her modesty and timid reserve—qualities which he above all things admires in a young lady.

Adela, on her part, seems very much inclined to partiality in his favour. She is flattered by the admiration with which she inspires him: the charm of his discourse attracts her; and she is diverted by the vivid warmth of his imagination. Besides, Frederic's figure is captivating. If he has not the most elegant shape, at least he possesses grace, address, and agility. All these united are capable of making an impression on the heart of a young woman at the age of sixteen. Since I had last seen Adela, which was a year ago, she has considerably improved in beauty. Her eyes are black, lively, and brilliant. Her auburn locks fall in graceful ringlets on her alabaster neck. Never have my eyes beheld a whiter or more regular set of teeth, or a more beautiful coral of the lip, than hers: and, without being either a lover or a poetess, I may venture to say that the rose, moistened with the tears of Aurora, displays neither the freshness nor the brilliancy of her cheeks: her complexion is a flower, her person altogether a Grace. It is impossible to behold her without being struck with admiration: and indeed Frederic quits her as little as possible. Whenever he comes into the parlour, 'tis always to her that he directs his eye, to her that he addresses his discourse. He has far outstripped all my lessons of politeness:

politeness: and the sentiment by which he is inspired has taught him more in one hour than he had learned from all the lessons received from me during the space of three months. In our walks, he is ever ready to present his arm to Adela, to support her if she has a rivulet to cross, to pick up her glove whenever it happens to fall, for that is a sure mode of touching her hand—and that hand is so delicately white and soft! I know not, Eliza, whether I be mistaken; but I think that glove falls uncommonly often.

This morning Adela was examining a portrait of Alexander in the parlour. "'Tis very singular," said she, "that, wherever I stand, I still see Alexander's eyes fixed on me."

"'Tis quite natural," replied Frederic. "Is he not looking for the greatest beauty?"

You see, my friend, how quickly a young man is captivated: and I hope that you will no more henceforward be under any uneasiness respecting my friendship for him: nay, "*friendship*" is too strong a term for the sentiment with which I inspire him: for, according to my conception of the affair, even love itself ought not to make us neglect the duties of friendship; whereas, in the present case, I cannot but observe that I am altogether forgotten. A single word from Adela, yes, a single word from her lips would, I am sure, soon induce him to break through that promise, solemnly confirmed by an oath, that he would never quit me.

Indeed, Eliza! I condemn myself for the disposition which I heretofore felt to attach myself to Frederic.—When once a woman's fate is fixed as mine is, no circumstance intervening to effect a change in the sentiments which she feels, they ever continue unaltered. But he being now at that age when the heart is the sport of youthful passions, and liable to be hurried away and enslaved by them, how can we expect to find in him any permanency of sentiment? No! friendship would soon fall a sacrifice; and I alone would be the sufferer. How great the pangs which I then must feel! for we know, my dear Eliza, that friendship requires in return as much as it bestows. Heaven grant that I may see Frederic happy! But make your mind easy, my dear cousin! I am not necessary to his happiness.—Adieu!

LETTER XV.

Felicia to Eliza.

The reason, my dear friend, why I have not written to you during the last fortnight, was, that indisposition prevented me. After having concluded my last letter, I felt my spirits depressed; I was melancholy without knowing why, and a very unentertaining companion to the sprightly and brilliant Adela. Each day I deferred writing to you on account of the dejection which weighed me down; and at length I became feverish. Fearing lest the derangement of my health should injure my little daughter, I determined to wean her. But the physician, although he allowed that I acted prudently with respect to her, objected that the measure was wrong with respect to myself, because, at a moment when the humours were in motion, the milk might pass into the blood, and cause a dangerous revolution.

Monsieur de Belleville earnestly supported the physician's opinion; but still I persisted in my determination. At length my husband lost his temper, and told me he plainly saw that I did not value either his peace or his happiness, since I paid so little regard to my life—and that,

in

in any event, he would not wean the child all at once.

I had at this moment my babe in my arms: I approached him, and, placing her in his, "That child is yours, my dear," said I; "and your authority over her is as great as mine. But have you forgotten, that, in bringing her into existence, we contracted the sacred engagement of sacrificing our own lives to her welfare? And if we should lose her, do you think you can ever forget that you have been the cause of her death? do you think that you can ever console me for the loss? In pity to me, in pity to yourself, remember that, in competition with the interest of our children, our own interest is to be accounted as nought."

He gave me back my child, saying—"Felicia! you are at liberty to obey the dictates of your own judgement: let none presume to thwart your inclination."

I promised monsieur de Belleville to repay his condescension by using the utmost possible caution; and I have carefully observed my promise. In consequence my health is growing better, so that I hope, within a few days, to find myself perfectly recovered.

This morning Adela said to me, "I see, madame de Belleville, how far I am yet from being able to prove myself a good mother. The other day I was frightened at the duties to which you subject yourself toward your children. What! you think yourself bound to sacrifice your existence for their sake? I was so astonished when I heard you make the declaration, that I was tempted to think you mad."

"Mad!" exclaimed Frederic—"Rather, mademoiselle, say heroic."

"You will perhaps hardly believe it, my young friend," interrupted monsieur de Belleville—"But, in the world at large, those two words are considered as nearly synonymous. You will hear men ridicule, as whimsical and particular, the man whose elevated soul disdains to copy the copies that surround him."

The remark is very true, my Eliza! That injustice is a consequence of the narrow spirit of mankind, who ever aim at the humiliation of those above them, for the purpose of lowering them to a level with themselves. I well recollect, that, in those insipid assemblies where idleness begets slander, I often thought that the silly custom of sitting in circles to carry on conversation was the cause of all our errors, and the source of all our follies.... But I feel my head too weak to write more at present.—Adieu!

LETTER XVI.

Felicia to Eliza.

Adela intends to go to a ball this evening. Frederic is to give her his hand; and monsieur de Belleville is to act as their Mentor. My two friends wished to remain with me: Frederic in particular earnestly endeavoured to prevail on Adela not to quit me. He laboured to make her sensible, that, as I was indisposed, it was not perfectly delicate in her to leave me alone: but her passion for dancing prevailed over all his remonstrances; and she declared, that, as the ball was her favourite amusement, no consideration could with-hold her from going to it.—"Besides," added she with a sarcastic smile, "you know madame de Belleville does not wish to see her friends labour under any restraint: and then how can we fear that the time will hang heavy on her hands? Do we not leave her in company with her children?"

She laid a kind of ironical emphasis on the word "*children.*" Frederic

ric cast on her a serious look, and, "It is true," said he, "that her children are her greatest pleasure: but I see that it is not every person who is capable of duly appreciating that enjoyment.—You are right, mademoiselle; let each person act an appropriate and characteristic part. That of madame de Belleville is, to be adored while she fulfils every duty: yours is to dazzle the eye of every beholder; and the ball-room is destined to be the scene of your triumphs."

In this remark Adela perceived nothing but an encomium upon herself: but I discovered in it something very different: and I plainly see, that, with all her seductive charms, if Adela's soul does not correspond with her personal appearance, she will never be able to fix Frederic's heart. Nevertheless, what may not be expected at her age? I am determined, Eliza, to endeavour with the utmost care to conceal defects which time may correct.

We are invited to another ball which is to be given in three days hence. If I do not go, Adela will again quit me, and Frederic will never pardon her. I am therefore resolved to accompany her. Besides, it is possible that the dancing and the company may divert a certain melancholy which haunts me, and which seems daily increasing. I experience a kind of listless languor, a disgust, which communicates a dismal hue to all the actions of life. I think that our existence in this world is not worth the trouble which we take to preserve it. The weariness of acting exists everywhere; the pleasure of having acted is found no-where. I know that the good which we do to others affords us a real enjoyment: but I rather assert than feel it; and if I were not occasionally agitated by sudden emotions, I would think my soul ready to become extinct. I no longer possess sufficient life for this total solitude, in which I must totally depend on my own resources. For the first time I now begin to feel the want of some society, and I regret that I did not go to the ball.—Adieu! the pen falls from my feeble hand.

LETTER XVII.

Felicia to Eliza.

ADELA draws remarkably well for her age. She testified a wish to take my likeness; and I with pleasure consented to the proposal, for the purpose of presenting the portrait to my husband. This morning, while she was engaged in executing the task she had undertaken, Frederic came to join us. He examined her performance, and complimented her on her abilities, but with a half smile, which did not escape Adela's notice, and of which she asked an explanation.

Without listening to her question or giving her any answer, he continued to examine the portrait, then looked at me, then at the portrait alternately. Adela impatiently curious wished to know what he thought of her execution. At length, after some moments of silence, "That is not madame de Belleville," said he. "You have not even expressed one of her moments."

"How!" interrupted Adela, while her cheek flushed with crimson—"What fault do you discover in it? Do you not recognise in it her features?"

"Her features, I grant, are all there: and, if you saw only her features in looking at her, you have reason to be satisfied with your performance."

"What more do you wish for?"

"What more do I wish for? I wish people to discover that there

is a certain figure which the utmost efforts of art can never represent—and that people should at least acknowledge the insufficiency of the pencil. Those fine flaxen tresses, though touched with ability, do not present the brilliancy, the fineness, or the undulating flow of her hair. I do not see that fine white skin reflect the carnation of the blood, or the delicate down which covers it. This uniform complexion will never recall to my mind that of which the tints vary like thought. I behold indeed the celestial blue of her eyes: but I see nothing in them except their colour, whereas it was their look which you ought to have expressed. Those lips are lovely as hers: but that smile is perpetual; and I vainly look for the expression which should follow it. Those noble, graceful, enchanting motions, which display themselves in her slightest gestures, are here chained and motionless. No, mademoiselle! No! Never can Felicia be represented by the inanimate strokes of the pencil: and where I discover no soul, I cannot recognise her."

"Well!" said Adela in a pet, "you must draw her picture yourself: I relinquish the task." Then throwing down her pencils, she started from her seat, and hastily quitted the room.

Frederic looked after her with an air of surprise, then heaving a sigh, "How greatly," said he, "was I mistaken, when I saw her so beautiful! I thought that young woman must have borne some resemblance to you: but, to my misfortune—my eternal misfortune—I too plainly see that you are an *unique* upon earth."

I cannot describe to you, Eliza, how much these words hurt me. Recovering, however, from my confusion, I quickly replied—"Beware, Frederic, of passing a precipitate judgement, and suffering your mind to be tainted by prejudices which might blast the happiness that you are perhaps destined to enjoy. Because Adela does not in all points resemble the chimerical picture of female perfection which your imagination has framed, must you therefore shut your eyes to her real merits? Do you not know, besides, how greatly a person may change in time? Believe me, that a woman who may captivate you after she has been completely formed, might perhaps have appeared to you insupportable a few years before.—Will you never cease to draw comparisons? And, because the rosebud does not yet possess the sweet perfume of the full-blown rose, do you forget that it will one day exhale equal or perhaps superior fragance? I wish, Frederic, that your mind be duly impressed with a conviction, that, in the woman whom you ought to choose, and whose age ought to bear a just proportion to your own, you must not expect to find every quality risen to complete perfection, every virtue fully cultivated and exercised. An affectionate heart is all that you must look for—a propensity to goodness, all that you must wish: and, though it should be tainted with a few foibles, you must not on that account be discouraged. As we see few mornings without clouds, we seldom see a youth of either sex wholly free from fault. But those faults daily wear away, especially under the guidance of a friendly hand. To you belongs the affectionate task of pointing out and removing every such blemish: to you it belongs to form and complete the woman who is destined for you: and you cannot succeed in the undertaking, unless you choose her at an age when she is yet susceptible of improvement. But, Frederic!" I added with a tone of solemnity,

"as

"as you value the peace of your own breast, beware of ever fixing your eyes on any other!"

At these words I quitted the apartment without awaiting his reply.

Eliza! I dread to tell you all that I fear. Frederic's look made me shudder. Could it be possible that ..... No! I must certainly be mistaken: it is your apprehensions that have alarmed me, your suspicions that have influenced me, and taught me to see already the expression of a culpable sentiment where none really exists except that of pure friendship—ardent, however, and impassioned, and such, in short, as it must necessarily be in a youthful and enthusiastic mind. Nevertheless I will cautiously watch its progress: and, with respect to myself, I assure you, my dear friend, that you may banish your unjust solicitude on my account, and safely rely on the heart of your Felicia, who, to breathe freely, requires only to feel herself free from self-reproach, and to whom self-approbation is as necessary as your friendship.

(To be continued.)

On RELIGION.

(By Dr. Moore.)

RELIGION seems to be as necessary to mankind as water; the purest of both is the most salutary; yet, in that state, neither pleases the vulgar palate. In all ages, mankind have been fond of adulterating both with foreign ingredients: those ingredients are often of an intoxicating quality, which perverts their beneficial nature, heats men's brains, renders them furious, and makes what was intended as a blessing operate as a curse.

ENIGMATICAL LIST *of the* SHEPTON-MALLET VOLUNTEERS.

1. HALF a skin,—and two-ninths of a town in Carmarthenshire.

2. Three-fifths of a button,—and one-tenth of a battle.

3. One-third of a soldier,—and two-ninths of a circle.

4. One-quarter of a musical instrument,—half a denial,—one-third of a fiddle,—and three-tenths of exemption from thirst.

5. Two-fifths of a volunteer,—and half a Spanish coin.

6. Three-quarters of a bird,—half of making war,—three-sevenths of a town in Shropshire,—and one-fourth of a story.

7. Two-fifths of a weapon,—half a river,—and one-third of a colour.

8. Half a canopy,—and one-fourth of an Indian herb.

9. Three-fifths of a meadow,—and one-third of a king.

10. One-sixth of a ship,—half a horse,—and two-fifths of a hound.

11. Half a plant,—and one-third of a bird.

12. Three-fifths of a small flag,—and two-ninths of a day.

13. Three-tenths of a sword,—one-fourth of a canopy,—and one-third of a mob.

14. Half an apple,—and three-sevenths of a hat.

15. Four-sevenths of a garland,—and one-third of a bird.

16. Two-fifths of a buckle,—and one-half of waving.

17. Half a liquor,—three-fifths of a bird,—and half a cottage.

18. Three-fifths of a mansion-house,—and two-thirds of a road.

19. Three-fourths of a wound,—half a bustle,—and two-thirds of a vale.

20. Two-sevenths of a duck,—and a coin.

A VOLUNTEER.

Shepton-Mallet, May 8, 1800.

 POETICAL

POETICAL ESSAYS.

INVITATION TO JOY.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

SAY, who would mope in joyless plight,
While youth and spring bedeck the scene,
And scorn the proffer'd gay delight
With thankless heart and frowning mien?
See Joy with becks and smiles appear,
While roses strew the devious way;
The feast of life she bids us share,
Where'er our pilgrim footsteps stray.

And still the grove is cool and green,
And clear the bubbling fountain flows,
Still shines the night's resplendent queen,
As erst in Paradise she rose:
The grapes their purple nectar pour,
To 'suage the heart that griefs oppress;
And still the lonely ev'ning-bow'r
Invites and screens the stolen kiss.

Still Philomela's melting strain,
Responsive to the dying gale,
Beguiles the bosom's throbbing pain,
And sweetly charms the list'ning vale:
Creation's scene expanded lies:—
Blest scene! how wond'rous bright and fair!
Till Death's cold hand shall close my eyes,
Let me the lavish'd bounties share!

THE HARPER.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.]

"WHAT melting strains salute my ear,
Without the portal's bound?
Page, call the bard; the song we'll hear
Beneath this roof resound."
So spake the king; the stripling hies;
He quick returns; the monarch cries;
"Old man, be welcome here!"

"Hail, mighty chiefs of high renown;
Hail, beauteous matchless dames,
Whose smiles the genial banquet crown,
Whose glance each breast inflames!
Ah, scene too bright! with downcast eyes,
In haste I check my fond surprise,
My rash presumption own!"

With downcast looks, the song he rear'd;
The full-ton'd harp reply'd:
The knights grew fierce, their eyeballs glar'd;
Each tender fair-one sigh'd.
The king applauds the thrilling strain,
And straight decrees a golden chain,
To deck the tuneful bard.

"Be far from me the golden chain;
Ill suits the proffer'd meed.
To some bold knight 'mid yonder train,
Be then the gift decreed.
Or, let the upright chancellor
The load, with other burdens, bear:
To me such gift were vain!

"As chants the bird on yonder bough,
So flows my artless lay;
And well the artless strains that flow,
The tuneful task repay.
Yet, dare I ask, this boon be mine,
A goblet fill with choicest wine,
On me the draught bestow."

He lifts the cup and quaffs the wine,
"O, nectar'd juice!" he cries,
"O blest abode, where draughts divine,
Unvalued gifts ye prize!
Ah, thank your stars, with heart as true,
'Mid all your joys, as I thank you,
For this rich cup of wine!"

LINES

*Addressed to Mr. B****.*

ADIEU, my dear Henry! to glory you
fly; [or die:
'Tis the fate of the soldier to conquer
The trumpet's loud clangor now calls
you to prove,
No danger's too great for that king
whom you love.

From friends and from country you'll
soon fly afar, [to war;
To camps, and to havoc, to rage, and
To rush to the charge all impatient for
fame, [maintain.
And the banners of Britain to die or

May our soldiers be loyal, be generous,
and brave! [to save!
May our sons of the ocean but conquer
And when war, with its horrors and
carnage is o'er, [tive shore.
With pleasure return to their own na-

ELIZA D.

REBUS.

AN ancient god for music fam'd,
A cruel emp'ror often nam'd,
The time when day-light disappears,
And when the dawn our spirit cheers,
A form that's neither round nor square,
And what oft puzzles Britain's fair,
A term for royalty express'd,
A sister kingdom much distress'd,
The man whose strength is often nam'd,
And him for wisdom justly fam'd:
The initials plac'd, you soon will see
A name that's very dear to me;
A lovelier girl I've never seen,
And she resides at Bethnal-green.

W. M. S.

SONNETS.

"BEWARE a speedy friend," the
Arabian said,
And wisely was it he advis'd distrust;
The flower that blossoms earliest
fades the first.
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head
And dallies with the autumnal storm,
whose rage [rose,
Tempests the ocean waves; slowly it
Slowly its strength increas'd through
many an age,
And timidly did its light leaves unclose,
As doubtful of the spring their palest
green
They to the summer cautiously expand,
And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is
seen
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs
the last.

HOW soothing sweet methinks it is to
walk [calm
By moonlight, when the still delicious
Sheds o'er the love-lorn soul a grate-
ful balm, [talk,
And woos the woe to peace! O then I
Rapt in myself as slow I pace along,
Of hopeless love, and weep upon my
wounds, [sounds,
Soft as the hollow gale's expiring
Soft as the veiled virgin's evening
song, [tread.
Soft as wild melancholy's noiseless
Thus breathing many a plaint and
many a sigh,
I gaze the moon with fondly fixed eye,
Musing on many a lovely vision fled
Hopeless and sad, till down I sink
to rest,
By sorrow, silence, solitude, oppress.

S. F.

TRANSLATION

OF A FRENCH ELEGY.

THOU first, dear object of each ten-
der thought, [charms!
O cou'd I now regard with hate thy
I hate, at least, the moment ruin fraught,
Enraptur'd, when I sank within
thine arms.

I hate the instant when with sighs you
strove,
And falt'ring accents, to declare
your smart:—
But most I hate your fav'ring God of
Love,
That still reigns tyrant o'er my in-
jur'd heart.

Thy form I hate; thy mien, thy wit
no less; [sent pain:—
And e'en thy name excites my pre-
Yet lov'd by thee once more, my tears
confess [again!
How dearly I could love all these

FASHION'S

FASHION'S SAKE.

FASHION! little flippant thing!
What in fashion did thee bring?
That the gentlefolks should make
Such a fuss—for fashion's sake?

Why large buckles? why the small?
Why no buckles now at all?
If the matter right I take,
A-la-mode—for fashion's sake.

One time this, and one time that;
Now a large, then little hat;
Fight a duel—life at stake,
Kill, and die—for fashion's sake.

Why the Jew 'gainst Christian set?
Why the ring? and why the bet?
Square the fist, the noddle break;
'Tis a match—for fashion's sake.

See the misses, full of glee,
How they sit and sip their tea!
Not a morsel will they take;
They must fast—for fashion's sake.

See the masters, full of pride,
Twelve-inch cane, and hat aside,
How they swagger, act the rake,
Curse and swear—for fashion's sake!

Gaters, now half-boots the taste,
Pantaloons, and Spencer'd waist;
What Jack-puddings people make
Of themselves—for fashion's sake!

Tails, pomatum, powder, yield;
Crops alone maintain the field:
Lord! what various modes we take
To deck fools' heads—for fashion's sake!

Fickle Fashion! why this fuss?
Acting and behaving thus:
Must the wise thy whims partake,
And be fools—for fashion's sake?

But, I see, the reason's plain;
Trade will have the greater gain;
Many honest folks can make,
Longer bills—for fashion's sake.

ON SEEING MRS. SIDDONS'S BUSTS OF HER BROTHERS AND HERSELF.

SIDDONS! who long has rul'd with sure controul
Each secret spring that moves the feeling soul,
From female softness claim'd the ready sigh, [manly eye,
And dimm'd with *stranger* tears the
Now learns these daily conquests to despise,
And in pursuit of other vict'ries flies.
"O'er living nature long enough I've reign'd,
And o'er the heart," she cries, "my pow'r maintain'd;
But now let lifeless nature own my sway, [clay."
And let my genius shape the formless
Then in her hand the plastic earth she moulds, [beholds;
And soon, o'erjoy'd, she mimic life
Beneath her fingers sees, with eager eyes, [rise.
Her beauteous face in soft proportions
Next, at the touch affection bids her give, [dear live!
See Grecian grace and Roman gran-
For into life behold her brothers start!
The fair creations of their sister's art;
While each resemblance glows with equal truth, [ful youth.
Majestic manhood here, there grace-
Fair artist! blest with still increasing fame,
Tho' thus successful in each daring aim,
Not to this praise, tho' great, thy claims confine, [thine:—
For this superior source of pride is
That tho' assail'd by flatt'ry's countless arts [hearts),
(Too oft destructive found of female
Expos'd to scenes where varied pleasure glows, [throws,
And all the lures which vice for beauty
'Tis thine unhurt 'midst danger to remain, [it vain.
And tho' thou feel'st its influence, prove
Th' asbestos thus the pow'r of fire defies,
And, 'midst its violence, uninjur'd lies;
And tho' destructive flames around it roar, [fore.—
Quits the fierce furnace perfect as be-
But whence canst thou with feet uninjur'd tread
The world's dire path with burning ploughshares spread?
Whence can the heart temptation's pow'r disdain, [vain?
While Envy's darts assail thy fame in
O'er thee Religion's shelt'ring pinions wave, [Justice gave!
And Virtue guards the wreath which

AMELIA OPIE.

AN

AN IMPROMPTU,

On the Bird of Paradise taken from Tippoo Sultaun's Throne being presented to the Queen.

FRAIL was thy triumph, beauteous bird,
On Tippoo Sultaun's throne:
Vengeance divine decreed his fall;
His pow'r and life are flown.

Adorn'd with sparkling gems, that vie
T' enrich the glowing mine;
To decorate thy graceful form,
Nature and art combine.

Thy gallant victor view'd thy charms
With pity and delight;
And sent thee to his native clime,
By conquest's sacred right.

Freed from a lawless despot's sway,
Propitious is thy fate;
Now cherish'd by a gracious queen,
To soothe thy captive state.

Doom'd to remain for ever mute,
Thou canst not chant her praise;
Yet still thy brilliancy reflects,
Her virtues' kindred rays.

Ah! lovely oriental guest,
From Britain never stray:
Like her renown, may thy bright plumes
Ne'er tarnish or decay,

Could'st thou perambulate the globe,
Or traverse distant skies,
To this fam'd isle thou would'st return,
For Freedom's glorious prize!

A. MURRY.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar,
Distant, down the hollow wind;
Panting Terror fled before,
Wounds and Death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead!

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step, Maria flew,—
Maria! Sorrow's early child!

By duty led (for ev'ry vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame),
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main
She, lovely, faithful wand'rer, came.

For well she thought a friend so dear
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or soothe her bleeding warrior's smart.

Tho' look'd for long—in chill affright
(The torrent bursting from her eye),
She heard the signal for the fight,
While her soul trembled in a sigh.

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay:
His manly heart the charm confest—
Then broke the charm, and rush'd away!

Too soon, in few, but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That, in the foremost strife of swords,
The young, the gallant Edgar fell!

She prest to hear—she caught the tale—
At ev'ry sound her blood congeal'd!
With terror bold—with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene, in dire amaze,
She went—with courage not her own—
On many a corpse she cast her gaze—
And turn'd her ear to many a groan!

Drear anguish urg'd her oft to press
Full many a hand as wild she mourn'd:
Of comfort glad, the dear caress,
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd!

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled,
When late, pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-bury'd with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
The moon withdrew her troubled light;
And left the fair, tho' fall'n she seem'd,
To worse than death—and deepest night!

YOUTH

YOUTH AND AGE.

WITH cheerful step, the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears
But only give delight.

And if the mist, retiring slow,
Rolls round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when, beneath the western clouds,
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way.

Then sorely, o'er the craggy road,
His painful footsteps creep;
And slow, with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And, if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.—

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age!

FRIENDSHIP.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.)

SURE not to life's short span confin'd,
Shall sacred friendship glow;
Beyond the grave, the ardent mind
Its best delights shall know.

Blest scenes! where ills no more annoy,
Where Heav'n the flame approves;
Where beats the heart to nought but joy,
And ever lives and loves!

There, friendship's matchless worth shall shine
(To hearts like ours so dear),
There, angels own its power divine,
Its native home is there!

For, here below, though friendship's charm
Its soft delights display,
Yet souls like ours, so touch'd, so warm,
Still pant for brighter day!

THE GOLDFINCH.

FAIR, joy-dispensing Spring, had deck'd the hawthorn
With snowy blossoms, and warm gleams of sun-shine
Cheer'd the cold globe, and call'd forth various flowers.
Charm'd with the beauties of the smiling season,
A gay-plum'd goldfinch hopp'd from spray to spray,
Tun'd his glad pipe, and sung his morning song:
When, lo! an idle youth, with mischief arm'd,
Levell'd his tube. As quick as lightning flew
The swift destruction:—down the warbler fell,
Flutt'ring, to earth, and clos'd his eyes in death.
Thus have I seen the favourite of fortune
Bask in prosperity's enlivening rays,
Chaunt the blithe song, and quaff the mantling glass,—
When, lo! the awful messenger of fate
Transfixt the thoughtless trifler:—down he dropp'd,
And the cold earth receiv'd his lifeless clay.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

EPITAPHS.

On a young Officer killed in Holland, 1799.

PAUSE, passenger; with awe survey this grave,
Where rests the young, the sprightly, and the brave.
Allur'd by glory's fascinating charms,
This youthful hero boldly rush'd to arms:
With honest pride surviving friends can tell
How nobly in his country's cause he fell.
O blest exchange! if, from a world like this,
He rose to regions of immortal bliss.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

On an Infant.

THIS early blossom, weeping, we consign'd
To the cold bosom of the silent earth;
But Faith informs us she will rise again,
And bloom for ever in immortal beauty.

Haverhill. JOHN WEBB.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Constantinople, February 25.

THE day before yesterday an extraordinary courier arrived here with a copy of the capitulation concluded between the grand vizier and general Kleber, bringing intelligence, at the same time, that the representative of the grand vizier had taken possession of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, with six thousand men, on the 4th of February. The grand vizier intended to make his formal entry into that city in a few days afterwards. The French had quitted Cairo sooner than it was expected, having proceeded some time before to Alexandria and other ports of Egypt, to return to France. Their departure from Cairo was particularly hastened, from an apprehension that, the grand vizier's army being at no great distance, the inhabitants of that vast city might avail themselves of that opportunity for rising in a mass against the French.

This city will be illuminated, in consequence of the above event, and of the evacuation of Egypt by the French.—In the beginning of April, the captain pacha will sail for Syria, with his fleet, and thence to Corfu, at which place there are several other Turkish ships of war.

The administration of Egypt will be materially altered. The country will be divided into four departments, each to be governed by a pacha. Jussuph pacha, it is said, is intended governor-general, and will reside at Cairo.

For conveying the French from Egypt, the Porte had invited all the masters of merchant vessels in the channel of Constantinople to proceed to Egypt, to be freighted on account of the Porte. The captains had a meeting on that business, and afterwards applied to the ministers of their respective nations at Constantinople, for instructions whether they could with security comply with the request of the Porte: the ministers not having any instructions respecting a business that was not at all foreseen, most of the captains declined the offer. The Porte has, however, already sent a number of other transport vessels to Alexandria.

Milan, March 5. The Austrian army in Italy is now one hundred and forty thousand strong, and will be increased to one hundred and sixty thousand.

We are assured by persons lately arrived from Genoa, that the inhabitants are reduced to two ounces of bread a day.

According to the accounts we have received, general Ott, on the 27th ult. had his advanced posts at Recco, two leagues from Genoa. The insurgents of Fontana-buona form his advanced guard.

Cracow, March 5. The last column of the Russian army yesterday left this city, and, according to the dispositions that have been made, will have passed the frontiers on the 27th of this month, and have arrived in the environs of Brzesc. General Suwarroff, during his stay here, had a slight indisposition; but on his arrival at his estate at Krasnoskow, he was attacked with a violent malady, and to-day a report is spread that he is dead.

Leghorn, March 7. After the capture of the Genereux, the brave admiral Nelson sailed towards Malta, to blockade La Valetta by sea. The French ship of the line, William Tell, is still in that port, and will scarcely escape him.

Vienna, March 8. This day's court gazette contains the following intelligence: "His royal highness the archduke Charles having repeatedly expressed a wish, on account of the indifferent state of his health, to resign the chief command of the army in Germany, his majesty has conferred that command

mand on general baron Kray, *ad interim*, and till his majesty shall think proper to make other arrangements."

General Kray set out from this capital on the 5th instant for Donaueschingen. On his departure a great concourse of people had assembled, to see the hero of Verona and conqueror of Mantua, with many of whom he conversed in the most friendly manner."

The archduke is expected here in a few days, and, after a short stay, will proceed to some bathing-place, in company with duke Albert of Saxe-Teschen.

Dotersweyer, near Kehl, March 9. Last night we were in continual alarm here. Yesterday it was generally expected that this day the French would cross the Rhine near Kehl, to open the campaign. On that account the Imperialists conveyed their artillery from Wildstett to Kork, and eight pieces of cannon from the reserve were stationed at Sand. At eleven in the evening we were reinforced by three squadrons of Blankenstein hussars, who remained under arms the whole night; all the advanced posts within six miles distance of Kehl were also considerably reinforced, but fortunately every thing remained tranquil. The Austrians have, however, considerably advanced in every direction. At Strasburg and its neighbourhood, thirty thousand French troops are assembled, ready to penetrate into Suabia, and the artillery at Kehl was increased, on Thursday last, with twenty-four pieces of cannon. The extraordinary motions near Kehl and Strasburg give reason to conjecture that the present tranquillity will not be of long duration.

Linz, March 10. Yesterday the long-expected courier arrived here, bringing orders to the Condéans to return to Russia. When they will set out on their march is not known; but from the preparations which have been made, it is not expected to take place before the 20th instant.

The two Russian regiments, Bauer and Titow, passed through here on the 6th and 7th instant, on their march home.

Hague, March 18. Every precaution is taken to place our coasts in a state of defence. Our regular army will soon amount to thirty-two thousand men. This day two more French demi-brigades arrived here.

Venice, March 18. On the 14th inst. his holiness Pius VII. accompanied by all the cardinals, went in solemn procession to the church of St. Giorgio, where *Te Deum* was sung, in consequence of the happy termination of the election. The concourse of people, in every street through which the pope passed, was immense. In the evening all the public buildings and many private houses were splendidly illuminated. On the 15th and 16th several persons were admitted to kiss the feet of his holiness. Yesterday the pope paid a visit to cardinal Bellisomi, who is indisposed. The coronation will take place on Friday next.

In a pamphlet, which had been previously prepared, the new pope is called upon to restore the order of the Jesuits, the abolition of which is stated as the principal cause of the French revolution.

Copenhagen, March 18. Accounts have been received by the department for foreign affairs, from our embassy at Constantinople, that the plague is raging there with such violence, that it had spread even to the seraglio, and forced the grand seignor to quit that building, where he usually resided.

Brussels, March 28. The corps of Condé, it is now said, is destined to form a part of the Russian army which is to embark for England. It is to repair, in consequence, directly to Riga. All the French emigrants now in the pay of England are to be joined to this corps, at the head of which will be the *ci-devant* compte d'Artois, the sons of the duke of Orléans, and all the princes of the house of Bourbon. By this arrangement it is thought that this corps will be raised to ten thousand effective men. That of the prince of Orange is already seven thousand strong.

From the Mayn, March 29. We learn that all the reports relative to peace are without foundation, and that war is again the order of the day. It is said to be the plan of the French to make a diversion from the south of Switzerland in favour of Massena, while Moreau will

will make an attempt to penetrate into Suabia. Near Basle the number of French troops increases.

Stutgard, April 30. By different accounts received since yesterday afternoon, we learn that the French (who in the night from the 24th to the 25th had advanced from Basle down to Strasburg, against Suabia) have been repulsed in the Brisgau, at Oberkirch, and other places. This, and the approach of general Sztarray against the left wing, which had crossed the Rhine near Kehl, has effected the return of this part of the French army to Strasburg, by way of Kehl.

General Sztarray's corps is marching back down to the Rhine, and the artillery of reserve and baggage, for the removal of which to Rothenburg orders had been received, will return.

Frontiers of Austria, May 2. Since general Massena has been driven into Genoa by general Melas, he has offered to capitulate; but as he demands free departure, and as it is known that his army is greatly weakened, and is in want of provisions, general Melas will not listen to a capitulation, persuaded that famine will soon force the enemy to surrender at discretion. The surrender of Genoa is considered as certain.

Vienna, May 3. Massena's forces in and near Genoa, inclusive of the armed Italians, are still estimated at between twenty and twenty-five thousand men. Every thing depends on the quantity of provisions which Massena has in Genoa. He is still in hopes of reinforcements, which general Suchet expects from France, on the western side of Genoa, for his relief. It is thought, however, that general Melas, after his troops shall have recovered from their fatigues, will not remain inactive, which is absolutely necessary for the conquest of Genoa.

Since our last accounts, general Melas reports, from his head-quarters at Sestri di Ponenta, under the 22d of April, that after so many fatiguing marches and operations, it was his intention to grant some repose to the troops encamped before Genoa, and, by throwing up entrenchments, to render his position still stronger.

General count St. Julien, with the brigade under his command, is charged with the blockade of Savona, the nine brigades of Stuart, which had been employed in that business, having orders to join the army.

The English admiral, lord Keith, has sent to general Melas the happy intelligence, that the division of his squadron cruising off Malta had taken the French ship of the line the William Tell, of eighty guns, and one thousand men, among whom is an admiral, after a severe engagement.

Lord Keith has supplied the Imperial garrison in the citadel of Finale with a considerable quantity of provisions. A courier, who arrived last night, has brought intelligence that general Massena had liberated all the Austrian prisoners on their parole, partly on account of the scarcity of provisions at Genoa, and partly from the apprehension of insurrection among the inhabitants.—It is confirmed from every quarter, that the emperor of Russia is fully determined to observe the strictest neutrality.

Strasburg, May 3. It was we who attacked the Austrians yesterday before Kehl. It appears that it was but a false attack, in correspondence with the other operations of the army. General St. Cyr is certainly gone to Switzerland with a great part of his corps. General St. Susanne has replaced him with the greater part of the left wing, which he commands. In making this retrograde movement, Friburg was abandoned; but we have just learnt that that city was retaken by general St. Susanne.

6. Our troops continue to advance towards the interior of Suabia. We have received the news that they are in possession of Waldshut, Stutlingen, Thiengen, Schaffhausen, Engen, and Stockach, and the Austrian army is falling back to the Danube. Moreau is pressing them, and will probably force them to give him battle. The Austrians have entirely evacuated the banks of the Rhine. We are masters of all the Brisgau, and, in short, of the country in front of Kehl, the Austrians having entirely evacuated that district, and retired on the side of Vollingen and Rothwel. Previously to the second capture of Friburg, the Austrians had taken from us fifty waggons laden with bread.

HOME NEWS.

Sunderland, March 30.

ON Thursday se'nnight, a young widow, a publican on the Low-Quay, finding herself near her labour, went up stairs and delivered herself of a boy; but not having any clothes provided for it, she inhumanly devised a method of making them unnecessary, by putting the poor infant into a chamber-pot, and placing it in a closet to perish; she then went down stairs, and, complaining to the family that she was poorly, went to bed. The next-door neighbours (who had long suspected her to be pregnant), hearing the cries of the child through the wall, went in, searched the house, and found it almost starved to death with the cold. They took it and put it into bed to the mother, where it died a short time afterwards.

Ipswich, April 1. Tuesday evening Margaret Catchpole effected her escape from the New Gaol, in the absence of the keeper, who was attending his duty at Bury assizes. She contrived to evade the turnkey at the hour of locking up, and afterwards to ascend a wall twenty-two feet high, and from whence she let herself down on the outside. This extraordinary escape is only worthy of such an extraordinary character as Margaret Catchpole, who stole a horse, and afterwards rode off with it to London, a distance of seventy miles in ten hours. For this offence she was tried and condemned at Bury assizes, in 1797, which sentence was afterwards changed to seven years' transportation. She is about thirty-eight years of age, and escaped in a convict's dress.

Chelmsford, April 8. A ball of fire fell on Tuesday evening near Steeple Bumstead church, in Essex. In its descent it made a hissing noise like hot iron thrown into water, and, on arriving at the earth, seemed to enter it with an explosion as loud as that of a cannon. Its direction was from the south-west, and, during its passage, the earth appeared illuminated by its brilliancy. The inhabitants were much alarmed, and there was a young woman near the spot where it fell without receiving any injury.

14. On Friday last, at noon, the north-west corner of the venerable tower of Writtle-church, in Essex, which had shown for some time past evident marks of decay, came down with a most tremendous crash. The remainder of the tower, having lost the support of this corner and its buttresses, opened to the eye of the astonished beholder a scene which imagination alone can form. The bells were seen hanging in the steeple, suspended in the shattered and momentary crumbling fragments of the then still venerable pile; the clock revolved in an unusual manner; and thus rested the scene until the hour of twelve at night, about which time the north part of the east, and the whole of the west side, bent to the hand of time, hurling in its course the bells and clock-work, and converted, in an instant, that once majestic fabric into its pristine brittle state. The jangling of the former was, to the inhabitants, a sure token of its total destruction. The body of the church, previous to that moment, had received no damage; but a part of the east side falling upon the roof forced its way through to the singing-gallery, carrying in its course vast sheets of lead, the weight whereof, and the immense weight of the stones from the tower, which was about twenty-eight yards in height, dealt destruction in their course, crushing to atoms the gallery and seats beneath.

London, April 16. The noble residence of Sir John Smith Burgess, in Piccadilly, had nearly been burnt to the ground on Friday. The heat of a

stove

stove had fired a beam in the wall, which, it is supposed, had been burning many hours, when early on Friday morning it communicated to the kitchen, which was an entire blaze when the fire was discovered. A great part of the lower apartments have been destroyed, but, fortunately, the splendid rooms up stairs have sustained no injury.

26. On Sunday last, as Mr. Davis, master of St. Luke's workhouse, was serving dinner, one of the paupers, being dissatisfied with his portion, immediately seized a large knife and stabbed him under the left-breast, so as entirely to divide one of the lobes of his liver. He languished about three-quarters of an hour and expired. He was a man of most amiable manners, and respected by all who knew him.

28. Great fears were on Saturday entertained of disturbances in the markets on account of the high price of provisions, beef being fourteen-pence per pound, and other articles in proportion. Under this apprehension, parties of the St. George's corps patrolled about St. George's-market, Oxford-road, all night.

The city and Westminster light-horse, and even the horse-guards, were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to act, should occasion require; a detachment of the latter patrolled the streets at the west end of the town till a late hour at night.—Anonymous letters having been circulated threatening destruction to the butchers, if a reduction did not take place, gave rise to the alarm.

Leith, May 2. On Tuesday last, the mob rose and attacked a granary, in which there were a few hundred bolls of oatmeal, which they were proceeding to distribute at their own hand, when a body of the volunteers marched down from Edinburgh, and speedily dispersed the multitude, but not without bloodshed.. The situation of Scotland at this time ought to serve as a lesson to all speculators how they attempt to force upon the people a species of bread to which they have not been accustomed. Oatmeal was at three shillings and seven-pence half-penny a peck, weighing eight pounds twelve ounces, in Edinburgh, while flour was selling in the same market at two shillings and six-pence per peck: yet so confirmed is their preference for oatmeal, that they have risen into this riot.

In many parts of the north serious disturbances have prevailed, in consequence of the high price of provisions. At Chester-le-street, in particular, the rioters, consisting principally of the colliers from the adjacent pits, excited the most impressive alarm.—The military were assembled, and, directed by captain Burdon, at length succeeded in dispersing them, making eleven of the ringleaders prisoners, and lodging them in Durham gaol. In the affray captain Burdon was severely wounded in the arm, by a bar of iron, and several of his party were hurt by stones, &c. The various volunteer corps have, in consequence, been assembled, and, in many parts, have undertaken permanent duty.

Dublin, May 3. By letters from Tipperary, dated on Sunday last, we learn that a detachment of the Essex fencibles, quartered at Cappagh, having on that day, under the orders of Sir James Duff, apprehended eight notorious rebels of that neighbourhood, were, on the way to Limerick with their prisoners, a very few miles from Tipperary, attacked by an immense multitude of the country people, collected from the surrounding mountains for the purpose of effecting a rescue; in this however the assailants were unsuccessful—the detachment maintaining their march, after a few discharges of musquetry, by which four rebels were killed and several wounded. The prisoners were brought safely to Limerick.

A report of this attack upon the detachment having been brought into Tipperary by some gentlemen of the country, colonel Alexander, who commands in that town, marched off instantly to sustain them, with a detachment of the Essex infantry, and some of the Durham and yeomanry cavalry of the neighbourhood.

Windsor, May 5. During divine service yesterday, there was the greatest storm of thunder and lightning, attended with hail and rain, that has been known for many years; the streets were for some time rendered impassable by the flood.

London, May 5. This morning fifteen deserters, from different militia and fencible

fencible regiments, were brought to town. One of them, who belonged to the Cornish fencibles, who came from Chatham to be conveyed to the Savoy, slipped off his handcuffs at the corner of Little Hart-street, Covent-garden; and, while in the act of making his escape, the corporal of the guard who had him in charge fired at him: the ball entered the vertebræ, and came out at his breast. The unfortunate man fell and instantly expired.

8. Yesterday all the masters of lodges throughout the kingdom met at Free-masons'-hall, to the number of three hundred and twenty-six, where they dined. Earl Moira, the grand-master, was in the chair. After a very sumptuous and elegant entertainment, the noble chairman gave the king and the craft. The second toast was the prince of Wales. The chairman made a very handsome apology for the absence of the prince of Wales. His royal highness was then elected grand-master for the next year with great applause. At eight a message was received from the prince of Wales, stating that his health would not permit him to serve the honourable office of master, and earnestly recommending earl Moira to be re-chosen. The grand-lodge immediately re-elected his lordship.

On Tuesday evening, at eight o'clock, a man started for a wager to run round the outside of the railing at St. Paul's nine times in half an hour. All obstructions were removed, and he won his wager by one minute and twenty seconds.

14. On Wednesday last a pitched battle was fought in St. George's-fields, between two labouring men, which, to the disgrace of the spectators and the police, was suffered to last for an hour and a quarter, when one, apparently the stronger of the combatants, was killed on the spot; the other died in a few hours afterwards. They both left large families.

15. This morning, in Hyde-park, his majesty attended the field-exercises of the grenadier-battalions of the guards, when, during one of the vollies, a ball-cartridge was fired from the musquet of one of the soldiers, which struck Mr. Ongley, a clerk in the allotment department of the Navy-office, who was standing only twenty-three feet distance from the king. The ball entered the fleshy part of the thigh in front, and passed straight through. Mr. Ongley was dressed on the ground, and we have the satisfaction to state that there is no danger. Had the wound been an inch higher, it must have proved fatal.

As soon as his majesty was acquainted with the accident, he sent lord Chesterfield to enquire who the gentleman was, and desired that a report might be made daily to him of the state of his health. Lord Cathcart, who was nigh, lent his handkerchief to bind up the wound, which occasioned a very copious bleeding.

An event which happened in the evening added very much to the anxiety that had been felt from what had occurred in the morning. Their majesties having announced their intention of going to the theatre at Drury-lane, the house was extremely crouded; when at the instant his majesty entered, and was advancing to bow to the audience, an assassin, who had placed himself about the middle of the second front row of the pit, raised his arm, and fired a pistol, which was levelled towards the box. The flash and the report caused an instant alarm through the house, but after an awful suspense of a few moments, the audience perceiving his majesty unhurt, a burst of the most enthusiastic joy succeeded. A gentleman who stood next the assassin immediately collared him, and, after some struggling, he was conveyed over into the orchestra, and carried into the music-room. On being interrogated, he said his name was Hatfield, and it appears he formerly belonged to the fifteenth light-dragoons, and served under the duke of York in Flanders, where he was made prisoner. He is much scarred in the forehead, of low stature, and was dressed in a common surtout, with a soldier's jacket underneath. In the music-room he appeared extremely collected, and confessed that he had put two slugs into the pistol. He said he was weary of life. He was conveyed to the prison in Cold-bath-fields, where, in the course of the evening, the prince of Wales, and the dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland, went to attend his examination.

BIRTHS.

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April 22. At Holt-house, Derbyshire, the lady of Daniel Dakeyne, esq. jun. of the Middle Temple, of a son.

At Lambeth, the wife of the rev. E. J. Beckwith, of St. Paul's, of a daughter.

May 5. The lady of sir W. Rowley, bart. of a son.

13. At his house in Bedford-square, the lady of George Shum, esq. member of parliament for the borough of Honiton, of a daughter.

14. In Baker-street, Portman-square, the right hon. Arabella Ward, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

April 19. Lieut. Foster, of the fourth or king's own infantry, to miss Sarah Marris, youngest daughter of William Marris, esq. Green-hall, Lincolnshire.

24. At Edinburgh, Hay Smith, esq. banker, at Haddington, to miss Yeomans, daughter of Dr. Yeomans, late physician, Shrewsbury.

At Newington, Surry, Mr. Hewitt, of Dover-place, Kent-road, to miss Minoch, of Walworth.

26. Mr. Hobson, of the East-India-house, to miss Campbell, of Hart-street, Bloomsbury.

Richard Bethell, esq. of Rise, in the county of York, to miss Mary Welbank, of Ramsgate.

At St. George's church, Southwark, Tho. Griffith, esq. to miss Slade, of Rye.

At Mary-le-bone church, H. D. Wilson, esq. of Soho-square, to miss Foote.

28. At Dublin, major-general Edward Morrison, to lady Caroline King, daughter of the late earl of Kingston.

At Arreton, in the Isle of Wight, captain Geary, of the royal regiment of artillery, to miss Joliffe, of Merston, in the same island, only daughter of Dr. Joliffe, M. D.

Robert Bingley, esq. of his majesty's mint, to miss Alchorne, niece to Stanesby Alchorne, esq. of the Tower.

At Lee, in Kent, John James Peele, esq. to miss Ann Brandram.

29. At Liverpool, Samuel Stainforth, esq. to miss Littledale.

John Gladstone, esq. of Liverpool, to miss Ann Robertson, daughter of the late Andrew Robertson, esq. of Dingwall, North-Britain.

At York, Mr. James Stonehouse, merchant, of Crutched-friars, London, to miss Webster, of that city.

30. Miss Whitburn, of St. Pancras, to Mr. Taylor, of Pentonville.

The rev. Thomas Lane Freer, M. A. of Pembroke-college, Oxford, to miss Sarah Wetherell, third daughter of the dean of Hereford.

May 1. At Widford, near Chelmsford, the rev. Mr. Thomas, of Fobbing, Essex, to Mrs. Wilkinson, relict of lieutenant Wilkinson, of the royal Bucks militia.

At Matching, Essex, Mr. J. Bostock, of Newington-place, Kennington, to miss Hewit, of Dulwich, Surry.

3. Mr. G. Morgan, of Ratcliffe-highway, to miss Leishman, daughter of Robert Leishman, esq. of Torrington-street.

6. John Copp, esq. of Bromley, Middlesex, to Mrs. Paton, widow of the late Dr. Paton, and daughter to Daniel Burton, esq. of Manchester.

8. Mr. Liscombe John Curtis, of Islington, to miss Savage, of Weymouth-street, Portland-place.

Mr. Wolfe, of the Haymarket, to miss L. Colomb, of Bushy-nook, near Teddington.

9. John Wenham Lewis, esq. of Westerham, Kent, to miss Dorothy Frances Knipe, youngest daughter of Robert Knipe, esq. late of New-lodge, Great Berkhampstead, Herts.

10. G. Turner, esq. of the Strand, to miss E. Hamingway, daughter of J. Hamingway, esq. of Rugby, Warwickshire.

The rev. R. Nares, to miss Smith, daughter of the rev. Dr. Smith, prebendary of Westminster.

13. Mr. Joseph Jackson, of Compton-street, Clerkenwell, distiller, to miss Sparrow, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Sparrow, of West-Smithfield.

15. Robert Chamberlain, esq. to miss Howell, of Surry-street.

Mr. William Eade, of South-street, Finsbury-square, to miss Mary Ann Vaux, third daughter of Mr. Edward Vaux, of Austin-friars.

DEATHS.

April 17. At Richmond, in the seventy-seventh year of her age, Mrs. Sarah Way, widow of Lewis Way, esq. and sister to the countess dowager of Northampton.

At Liege, the hon. and rev. William Aston, prebendary of the collegiate church of St. John the evangelist, in that town, and brother to lord Aston, of Forfar. He died in distress, brought upon him and many thousands more by the revolutionary government of that unhappy country.

Duncan Campbell, esq. of Whitley, in Northumberland, captain in his majesty's navy.

22. At Amport-house, in the county of Southampton, the most noble George Paulett, marquis of Winchester, earl of Wiltshire, baron Seynt John, premier marquis of England. The title, &c. devolves on the right hon. Charles Ingoldsby Paulett, his eldest son.

At Walthamstow, in the eighteenth year of her age, miss Anna Maria Bedford, daughter of William Bedford, esq. of Friday-street.

In his seventy-fourth year, George Brucker, esq. of Clapham-common.

24. At Walworth, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Knott, of Lombard-street.

At Pontoise, in France, George Barnwell, viscount Kingsland, nephew to earl Fauconberg.

William Cowper, esq. the English poet, at East-Dereham, in Norfolk. He was born at Berkhampstead, Hertford, Nov. 1731. Doctor John Cowper, his father, was rector of that parish, and nephew to the lord high chancellor Cowper.

In Somerset-street, Portman-square, Mrs. Mary Edlin, eldest daughter of the late hon. baron Edlin, of his majesty's exchequer, Scotland.

25. William Scurr, esq. of Broad-street-buildings.

At ten at night, at his house in South Audley-street, Matthew Robert Arnott, reading-clerk and clerk to the private committees of the house of peers, and gentleman-usher of the green-rod, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, who, for near forty years which he held his situation in that house, had never been absent from his duty one day.

26. Aged eighty-five, Mrs. Wathen, wife of Jonathan Wathen, esq. of Phillimore-place, Kensington.

Of a decline, at Norwood-common, in the eighteenth year of his age, George Rodney English, youngest son of Walter English, esq. of Lambeth.

Of a decline, lieut. Charles Wm. Parker, aged twenty-five, great nephew to the rev. Dr. Parker, rector of St. James's, Westminster.

John Staples, esq. one of the police magistrates for the district of Shadwell.

28. At Christ-church, Hampshire, the countess of Strathmore.

30. At Dublin, Mr. Lamash, formerly of Drury-lane theatre.

At Burford, in Oxfordshire, after a short illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Minchin. She was a faithful and indefatigable preacher amongst the people called quakers.

May 2. At Kemsing, near Sevenoaks, Kent, Sir James Bunce, seventy years of age.

5. At his house in Guildford-street, Joseph Nicholas Smith, esq. in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

7. At his house in George-square, Edinburgh, admiral Lockhart.

At the house of her brother, Dr. Steavenson, in Hanover-square, Mrs. Elizabeth Paget, relict of the late Thomas Paget, esq. of Wardour-street, Soho.

After an illness of four days, in Craven-street, Mrs. Onslow, wife of Arthur Onslow, esq. barrister at law.

10. At his house at Homerton, Thomas Davies, esq. aged seventy-seven years.

At his apartments in Windsor-castle, in the ninety-first year of his age, William Dick, esq. governor of the Poor Knights, near forty years king's clerk, and clerk of the papers of the mint, and the oldest messenger in his majesty's service.

After a lingering illness, at his house at Poplar, in the seventieth year of his age, John Powsey, esq.